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THE WIDOW OF TOLEDO.

A TALE OF

"LOW BIRTH AND IRON FORTUNE."

BY DR. S. P. BRONSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE OPINION OF THE KITCHEN.

THE viceroy's late counsellor had been born with a genius for accumulation. He had acquired lands and tenements in every direction, and at the time of his decease was in the receipt of a princely revenue. He loaned money to needy lords and tradesmen, and his rental was so large and his mortgages so numerous as to call at one time for the constant service of three secretaries. These, however, owing to a happy discovery, on the part of the counsellor himself, for simplifying his accounts, gradually became reduced to one, who, at the death of his employer, was installed by the widow as the sole manager of her pecuniary affairs. This was not due so much to favoritism—for the lady had rarely deigned to notice him—as to the young man's known ability and faithfulness, qualities which had endeared him to the counsellor, who always treated him with respect and spoke of him with admiration.

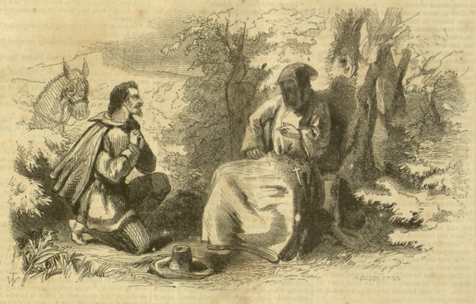
From the date of her widowhood to that of her conversation with her waiting-woman in the boudoir, the fair senora had never thought of the secretary otherwise than as the individual "who attended to her property;" and had any one asked her the color of his hair or eyes, or whether he was young, middle-aged or positively old, she would have found it difficult to answer. She might possibly, on reflection, have remembered that he was comparatively young and passably good-looking; but in regard to particulars she would have been sadly at fault. Indeed, except upon business occasions, the lady would have deemed it a condescension to have thought of him at all. And certainly there was but little to bring him before her mind; for, under his careful management, her affairs moved smoothly: and as she generally communicated with him through her waiting-woman Ximene, rarely entering his office herself save on extraordinary occasions, there was no good reason why she should know more of him than persons of high position commonly do of those in their employ with whom they rarely come in contact. Beyond this, the secretary was to her as a stranger whom she would have deemed it an act of graciousness to notice in the street.

But the conversation in the boudoir, coupled with the incident that followed, was not without its influence; and whereas she before had felt but little or no interest in the details of her financial concerns, it was marvellous how anxious she was to understand them now: and not, as before, through the medium of her waiting woman, but from the secretary himself. At first, she entered his office with a business air which was at once deferential and authoritative, and desired to see a schedule of her city properties; then of her country estates; anon, a list of her tenants; again, a statement of senor or my lord So-and-so's account; by and bye, a detailed report of her available mortgages; ere long, of her running-out claims; shortly, a classified catalogue of the various sources of her income: each of which she invariably waited for, much to the astonishment of the secretary, who marvelled at her sudden interest in what previously seemed to give her no concern. On receiving the statement, schedule or report, she would rise and retire; but it was to return ere long for an explanation of certain marks and items whose meaning she did not clearly comprehend. Now she wished to examine certain referred-to papers, then to sundry alluded-to bonds and mortgages, and then to certain specified deeds; some of which, so illegible was the writing, she could not make out, at all, and therefore needed the help of the secretary: while others, teeming with mystical law terms and phrases, required to be read by another ere she could comprehend them. Finally, she concluded to "make a personal examination of all the documents pertaining to her estates," and from that hour was oftener to be found in the secretary's office than in the reception-room, and was apparently absorbed in attaining an insight into the mysteries of her revenue, with the view probably of in future managing her business in person, or perhaps, as was more likely, of directing the manner of its procedure.

It was observable, however, that the widow never evinced any desire to be in the secretary's office when the secretary himself was not there. Business would now and then call him out for two or three hours at a time, whereupon the lady, taking with her the book or paper she had been reading, would retire also. But on reaching the reception room or her own chamber, the book or paper was laid idly down like a thing in which she felt no concern; owing, it might be, to the fancy that she could not understand its legal phraseology without the assistance of an interpreter. On the young man's return, however, she resumed her perusal of the neglected paper and also her chair in the office, with a relish and an air of calm content that, contrasted with her previous bitterness and impatience, were truly surprising.

In the meanwhile, she was "not at home" to the majority of her usual visitors, many of whom not knowing what to make of such treatment, were gratuitously indignant.

The privileged few, among whom was the Marquis de Sorbano, construed the fact of their admission into the comforting conviction that the fair widow had thinned the number of her suitors to the most meritorious, for the purpose of at length making her selection. Under this impression, each called up all his wit and did his best to please during the short audience which the lady was pleased to grant to company.


A. BOBBETT. SC.

PEQUILO'S CONFESSION TO THE UNKNOWN MONK.

The gallant marquis was courteously received, but not more so than the others; and as the widow never once alluded to his duel with Don Juan he was unable to perceive that he had gained any thing in her esteem by his conflict with that worthy. On mentioning this fact to the count, the latter shrugged his shoulders, and laughingly exclaimed:

"Why, what would you have? She must be a pitiful creature indeed who could see any special merit in the man who had mortified her vanity by making her poorer in one bold lover the less. Yet, by St. Francis!" added the woman-hater, "she might have complimented the skill with which you punished the proud braggart. As for myself, Carlos, I didn't think it was in you!"

This was but poor consolation to the marquis; but as it somewhat flattered his egotism, he extracted the sweet and wisely threw the bitter away.

The widow's servants did not altogether understand the conduct of their mistress. The cook fancied that she had at length decided upon the man, who doubtless was some high personage that no one but herself knew any thing about, but who doubtless was anxious to know whom or rather the property, he was getting, and that madame was making preparations to satisfy him upon this point.

The butler, with a grave shake of the head, thought not. He believed that his mistress had at last had her eyes opened to Leon's real character, who, in butler's opinion, was no better than he should be. He himself had long suspected that young man, who carried himself a great deal too grandly for one in his station, and who, with no one to watch him, was without question making the most of the rich pickings that were passing through his hands. The mistress evidently was of butler's opinion; and was familiarizing herself with all the details of his office, with the view of eventually sending him about his business and putting a more honest person in his place.

The porter was of the same opinion. He had silently had his eye upon the smooth-faced secretary for a longer time than he cared to mention, and when *he* put his eye upon a man, everybody might know that it was not for nothing. He would not say that he had spoken in confidence to the mistress on a certain occasion in reference to this very fellow; but one thing he would say, and that was that the mistress had made it a point to enter the secretary's office the following morning, and had since been busily engaged in looking into matters for herself.

The gardner did not believe one word of what porter had said. He had known the secretary ever since he had been brought there by the late master, and a gentler, honester and modester young man had never been on the estate. Porter was himself a smooth-tongued, double-faced varlet, and was unworthy to sweep the ground that Leon walked on.

Porter was very indignant and muttered something about "demanding satisfaction," but in so low a tone that it was difficult to determine whether he meant of Leon, of the gardner, or of himself.

The laundress who had *her* eye upon the porter, whose portly calves and savings had taken her captive, was, for her part, of the opinion, that the mistress knew very well what she was about. Leon was altogether too consequential for his place. He was too proud to speak to common people, and laundress had always noticed that such were found out, sooner or later, to possess a habit of improving their opportunities, and in a manner not at all to the satisfaction of their masters.

The chambermaid, who had vainly endeavored to ogle the secretary into a beau, and was spitefully indignant in consequence, would say nothing; but she had her opinion, notwithstanding. She had eyes, and could see—ears, and could hear: but she would say nothing—no, not a word. She, however, *could* mention some things which would make certain persons stare. But she would say nothing—no, not a word. Every body that had eyes could see how Leon dressed; and could any person in his station wear such velvets and silk hose as he did, and be what he ought to be? She could tell *some* things that she knew; but she wouldn't—no, not for any body. Her friends might coax her ever so hard, but she would say nothing—no, not one word. There *were* things; they were all covered up then; but they were destined to be brought to light some day, and then all the house, and all the neighborhood, too, would turn pale with surprise. But she would say nothing—no, not one word. Some day, it would *all* come out; every thing comes out in its season: but chambermaid would not spoil matters by speaking of them too soon. This, however, she *could* and *would* say: just so soon as the mistress should arrive at a fair understanding of how to instruct his successor, that very instant Leon would be shown to the door, and be politely requested to stay on the outside. But as for her—laundress—she would say nothing, —no, not one word.

The general waiting-maid, whose business it was to wait upon visitors, and whose heart had quietly wandered off to the secretary's handsome eyes, thought chambermaid ought to be ashamed of herself to make such mean insinuations against one who had never done her any harm. But everybody knew chambermaid's false, malicious tongue was ever clacking slander, and that she would dare in no instance to say to persons' faces what she had the impudence to state behind their backs.

Chambermaid flushed, and turning up her nose—which was wholly unnecessary, as that feature was, for all practical purposes, sufficiently turned up already—declared that general waiting-maid was beneath her, or she would pull her hair.

General waiting-maid sprang to her feet, like a young lioness, and dared her to try it. Whereupon chambermaid turned up her nose again, and endeavored to appear very scornful indeed: but did not succeed so well as she desired, owing to her inability to preserve her lips from trembling and her cheeks from imitating the color of a very white rose.

"You are afraid!" exclaimed general waiting-maid, contemptuously.

Chambermaid did not say whether this was true or not; but as she was eyed down by general waiting-maid, the company concluded that it was true: whereupon chambermaid at once sunk into a nobody.

Ximene, whose delicate spirit shrunk from descending to a level with her vulgar fellow-servants, had nothing to say to them on the subject. But she both felt and thought deeply.

Since the conversation in the boudoir, her mistress had withdrawn her confidence and assumed an air of chilling reserve. The waiting woman's heart told her the cause, and also the meaning of the widow's steady visits to the secretary's.

"'Twas I that loved him first!" she murmured; "I that first discovered the manly grandeur of his soul; and he is mine by right. All else were blind to his worth; all dull-eyed to his merits—all passed him by, but me. And now to lose him—to have another come in and steal him from me—'tis terrible. And shall I submit to it? Not if she were twenty times my mistress! I—I know not what I shall do, but it shall be something that shall balance in fearfulness the greatness of my wrong! And yet," she added, after a sobbing pause, "she has been kind to me, and I cannot do aught to wound her. But is it right or fair in her—rich and highborn!—to descend to rivalry with a poor girl? He was in her service for years ere I was, and yet she knew nothing of his excellence till my praises called it to her attention. And to take advantage of my confidence and weakness, and meanly step in to supplant me—O, 'tis cruel, base, infamous. I would not serve my bitterest enemy so, and still less one I had promised to befriend! Suitors are hers in scores, while I have none—only a hope of one; and that hope she ungenerously steps down from her high sphere to rob me of; nay, daily bids me to so deck her, that her every beauty shall shine boldly forth like a dazzling star and aid her in the achievement of his conquest! 'Tis cruel, brutal—unwomanlike, and unworthy of a coarse-grained peasant maid, let alone of a high-born lady! O, if I were not tied down by gratitude for past kindnesses, how soon I'd find a way to make her *feel* the fierceness she has roused! But shall I for any cause yield quietly to this crushing outrage? O, direct me, heaven! for I am sore beset, and my poor heart is molten with agony!"

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THE MAN IN GRAY SET OUT ON A JOURNEY, AND RECEIVED MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

BEFORE the door of an obscure house, in an obscure street, in the lower quarter of the city, stood, about noon, a modest-looking mule, with a sagely-meditative eye that would have set him down anywhere and with any body for a philosopher. His naturally slender legs were painfully thin, and, together with his shrunken stomach and wasted neck, spoke eloquently of short commons.

He had a lean and hungry air; and if the bones did not actually protrude through his skin, it was perhaps owing to the fact that the latter hung so loosely that the bones had no need of straining for room, or they might have pushed into the outer and visible world easily.

Certain it is, however, that no common person would have taken the animal for a gift; for judging from his appearance, he could hardly live long enough to be taken to a stable. But then we must not always trust to appearances, for the mule, in jockey phraseology, "though a poor 'un to look at, was a good 'un to go," and had been bought that very morning for the sum of five crowns, in view of his ability to carry his purchaser faster than many a better appearing quadruped of his class.

Though evidently familiar only with hard fare, the mule yet seemed, from his eye, to bear up against his bad treatment with the calm indifference of one who has no expectations and does not look for much in this stingy and thankless world.

He was both saddled and bridled, and was patiently waiting for his rider, improving the interim with an imaginative dinner upon some choice vegetables which were temptingly displayed in front of a small shop on the opposite side of the way, and which he ever and anon surveyed with a half-longing and half-indifferent eye that plainly said, "If I had them—so; but as I cannot get them—so!" which, in our humble opinion, settles the point above intimated, that he was a veritable philosopher.

But there was also in his eye, half-hidden by his general air of solemn gravity, an expression of mingled cunning and intelligence that would have informed a judge of mule-flesh that he was in the presence of an animal that knew a great deal more than most persons would be willing to give him credit for; and that if he were placed within reaching distance of a head of cabbage, a peck of turnips, a bushel of lettuce, or indeed anything of which hybrids of his class are fond, and the same should suddenly be missed, there would be but little cause for surprise; not that any one would see him take it—he would look out for *that*, and also that no fallen fragment should carelessly be left to betray him—but that *he* would know how, when, and through whom the missing article had so mysteriously disappeared.

Judging from this, there can be no doubt that but for the keeper of the little vegetable shop, who was leaning against and carefully overlooking the board or table on which his goods were so invitingly set out, the thoughtful, modest-looking mule would have dined upon esculants far more nourishing and substantial than those on which he was regaling in imagination.

But inasmuch as the vegetables were not for him, he was perforce philosophically content to bide his time till he could pilfer some elsewhere.

Just as he had apparently finished his last ideal mouthful of the vegetable-dealer's small stock, his new owner, who was no other than our old acquaintance Pequilo, stepped slowly from the house, in his original thread-bare suit of gray, and climbing into the saddle, turned him in the direction of the hill, or rather that part of the city which overlooked the river.

The ascent up the steep street proved the capabilities of the mule, who clambered to the top of the plateau with an ease that induced his master to think favorably of his metal, and to wonder whether if he did so well without dinner, how much his travelling capacity would be increased by also making him go without supper.

There was an air of mystery in Pequilo's manner as he rode out of the city. One would have fancied that he was engaged in some enterprise which he was as anxious to hide from himself as from everybody else.

On reaching the high road of the broad open country, however, he took courage and allowed his thoughts to have free play.

"If Saint Philip should stand by me to-day," he observed to himself, "I shall make a pretty penny ere I go to bed. And why should he not?" he asked, piously. "Have I not, in my liberality, given him an extra candle a-day since he so generously befriended me in the matter of that precious rascal, Mendoza? And ought not that to be taken into account? Nay, is it not my intention, in case he be faithful to my interest in this journey, to purchase a gold ring and give it to the padre of his altar in the cathedral, that it may add to the splendor and richness of his image, to say nothing of the maravedis I may generously contribute between this and Lent! It is true I, last evening, at vespers, picked the pocket of a nobleman while he was at prayers—for we, poor scamps, have to be in and out of season to get an honest living—but as he had squeezed it out of his hard-working tenants and therefore deserved to lose it, and inasmuch as I put a piece of the silver into the poor box, and thereby performed an act of charity, he cannot be out with me for that. No; a good action balances a bad one all the world over, and, Saint Philip ought not to be more exacting than others. But, bah! he will, he must protect my fortunes to-day, or he knows well enough that I will give my patronage to some one else. Thank goodness, there are plenty of saints, and a good Christian may take his pick."

With this comforting reflection, the man in gray urged on his mule, and soon might have been heard imitating the feathered songsters that chirrupped in the fields as he rode along.

Ere long he drew up at an inn on the wayside, and, as it was the hour of the national siesta, he ordered a mouthful of grass for the mule, and entered for the purpose of taking a lunch and a nap. Having fortified his inner man, he passed into the travellers' room, and was about to stretch himself on a bench, when he observed a respectably dressed personage lying upon a settee in the left hand corner.

"Umph!" muttered Pequilo, "I am not alone, it seems. Well, so much the better. In an isolated inn, like this, it is better to take one's siesta with company than without. In case of danger we can protect each other. But, softly! Do I not know that face? As I'm a sinner, it is that of my old master, Don Lopez, who, come three years next Candlemas, kicked me out of his service for making too free with the stray change and other valuables lying about the house! Ah! well, forget and forgive is my motto, when my enemy is beyond my reach. But, I have my revenge in the consciousness of the fact that he is the best hen-pecked husband in Toledo. If he is not tied to the greatest shrew that ever bullied a man to her apron-strings, then I'm past praying for! But, what can he, who is unused to journeying scarcely further than his own door-yard, and whose virago-wife has tamed him into a docile house-hen, be doing so far from home? He has no country estates to visit for rents, and madame will hardly let him go even to mass without herself. Something is going on, which, if I could get a clew to, I perhaps might make a pretty penny. I'd try try his pockets, were it not that he has a trick of kicking, which, when I was his valet, he used to practice twenty times a-day, for the most trivial causes, upon my person. But, softly! there is a sensible difference between a man asleep and a man awake. I'll try it!"

With this resolution, he moved on tiptoe towards the individual on the settee, and was in the act of bending over him, when he fancied that he heard a noise, and involuntarily turned in the direction whence he supposed it came. Finding that the sound was only an imaginary one, he called up fresh courage, and on wheeling round to accomplish his design, he suddenly stepped back.

Don Lopez, resting calmly on his elbow, was attentively observing him!

The man in gray was dumb and red with blushes.

"So, so, varlet," said Don Lopez; "still at the same old capers, eh?"

"Huzza!" shouted Pequilo. "He is alive, after all. He is not dead, as his faint breathing had led me to fear. It is my dear old master, and he is not dead, after all. Huzza—huzza—huzza!"

"It will not do, rascal!" said Don Lopez, shaking his head with a dry, satirical smile, "I have known you too long. You are the same graceless scamp as ever!"

Pequilo clothed his countenance with a suit of injured innocence.

"As I hope to be saved, senor ——"

"Silence, knave! I know you!" interrupted the gentleman sternly. "To your bench and your siesta; and if you rise ere the hour is up, I'll pin you to the wall with my rapier."

And the speaker composedly closed his eyes and was soon apparently in honest slumber.

The man in gray did as he was ordered. The excitement of the incident, however, drove sleep from his eyelids for a long time. But drowsiness came over him at length, and he was shortly snoring like a bull.

As his sonorous breathings broke upon the tranquil air, the eyes of Don Lopez opened and quietly observed him. The corner of a paper peering through a rent in the sleeper's doublet, which they had previously noticed, had for them a species of fascinating attraction which they were more willing to succumb to than resist. By and bye their owner rose and softly approaching his old valet, calmly drew the mysterious paper from its resting-place and silently perused it. As he did so a frown darkened his brow, and the color departed slowly from his cheeks.

"Perfidious Mendoza!" he muttered. "To play the spy upon a fallen man! If I had thee now beneath my heel, how I could tread upon thee! But how did this varlet come into possession of this paper? Can he be in the vile judge's employ? If I thought it, he should not wake again. But we must do nothing hastily, except to order our horse and continue our journey without losing a moment."

With these thoughts he returned the paper, and sat down awhile to medidate.

When the ex-valet awoke, which he did not for two long hours, Don Lopez was gone.

"If Saint Philip don't watch over me better than this," he mumbled, as he recalled the scene with his former master, "I shall take my patronage to an opposition! Who'd have thought that the house-hen was only shamming! He could have entered only a few minutes before me; and yet I did not see him on the road. Perhaps, before lying down, he had devoted an hour to the bottle? No matter; he is gone, and I breathe easier. I wonder if, when taking his departure, he made any mention of my little attempt upon his pocket, to the host? It would not be like him if he did, for he was ever too high-minded to blab. Besides, consideration for his old valet would have restrained him. But I'll soon see. If one is suspected or set down for an absolute knave, the sooner he learns it the better. I'll try the bold hand—it is the best in the end!"

Then swaggering into the drinking-room, he sat down at one of three circular tables, and rapped lustily with his knuckles for the host.

"What is it, senor?" said that worthy, advancing from the outer room.

"A stoup of Rhenish. I'm in haste."

"In a moment, senor!" said the publican, vanishing with a low bow.

"So," mused the man in gray, with a satisfied smile; "Don Lopez was discreet. All is right. The bold hand forever!"

"The wine, senor," said the host, setting it before him.

Pequilo bowed patronizingly, and addressed himself with zeal to the tankard, which he speedily despatched, and then called for his reckoning.

"One millree," answered the publican, blandly.

"A millree!" exclaimed the man in gray, staring at him. "For what?"

"Lunch, ten maravedis," said the host.

"Yes, well?" returned Pequilo. "But there are eighty maravedis in a millree!"

"Two stoups of wine and a nap, twenty-five maravedis," continued the host.

"Right," remarked the ex-valet. "But the other forty-five?"

"Grass for the mule, five maravedis," said the host.

"Too much by three maravedis, seeing that I ordered him only a mouthful," said Pequilo. "But let it go. Now account for the remaining forty, if you are a Christian?"

"A basket of lettuce ——"

"A basket of lettuce!" repeated the ex-valet, interrupting him. "Are you crazy?"

"A basket of lettuce," continued the host, phlegmatically, "cut only an hour since for market, and placed in the wagon, near the stable, but devoured by the mule, who slipped his head from the halter in the manger, and noiselessly stepped out and emptied the basket clean, leaving not so much as would designate what had been in it, forty maravedis! Sum total, one millree!"

The ex-valet was more confounded than when he had discovered the eyes of his old master looking up at him from the settee.

"My mule stole forty maravedis' worth of lettuce!" he exclaimed.

"The mule," said the host.

"Who saw him do it?" demanded Pequilo, fiercely.

"I, from the window, as he was finishing the last head," returned the host, with commendable conciseness in reference to particulars.

"Let me see him!" cried the ex-valet, rushing furiously out to the barn-yard.

The mule was brought from the stable, by the ostler, who held him by the bridle for examination.

The animal looked as modest and thin as ever, and held up his head and glanced around with the calm, philosophic indifference of one conscious of his innocence and uprightness.

There was nothing in his manner or appearance to indicate that he had recently been regaling himself upon so princely luxury as a basket of lettuce.

But then, as the ostler knowingly remarked, it ought to be considered that no animal in the mule's condition would make a very great show upon a single meal.

"Besides," he added, with a professional wink, "the beast is as cunning as an alguazil. He knows why we are looking at him as well as we do, and has shrunk himself on purpose. The moment he heard me entering the stable, he understood what it was for, and instantly contracted himself so as to appear as usual. I saw him do it. Such another sly one has not been in this yard these five years!"

As if to substantiate the truth of this statement, the culprit at this moment turned a sly glance at his master, as if to judge by his countenance, what he thought, and what he probably designed to do in the matter.

"Wouldn't a smart flogging do him good, senor?" inquired the ostler.

At this interrogatory, the eyelids of the pilferer blinked with dew, and his head drooped in piteous penitence. To complete the sincerity of his remorse, he relaxed his contracted nerves, and his half-collapsed stomach, under the expanding pressure of the lettuce, slowly rounded into graceful amplitude and volume.

"Was there ever such a beast?" cried the ostler, in astonishment. "He is too artful to live!"

"You see, senor," observed the host to the man in gray, "that my charges are correct?"

"There is your money," returned the latter, who had been visited by an idea. "I will excuse him this time; but let him be careful how he repeats the offence."

This remark was intended for the culprit, who, on hearing it, at once raised his head, and turned his eye upon the ostler with an expression of mingled scorn and triumph.

"What a beast!" exclaimed the latter, with a gesture of surprise.

"Let's see if he will travel as well as he steals," said the man in gray, climbing into the saddle. "If he does, perhaps he may get a magnificent supper. Now then, rascal," he added, as he turned out of the yard, "show your metal!"

The philosopher evidently understood his rider; for he called up all his energies, and a few moments later was tearing along the highroad, as if in pursuit of the wind.

"If I can fatten up this varlet and make him presentable," muttered the ex-valet, "as from his aspect would seem probable, I might make a pretty penny by his sale. But, as paying for the process would be too expensive, and inasmuch as he has a talent for privately helping himself, I must henceforth make it a point to look him up good opportunities."

Under the inspiration of this exhilarating fancy, the worthy man in gray became warmed up to a degree that enabled him to feel in imagination no less a sum than twenty glittering crowns for the intelligent animal, for whose superior genius for thievery he, from this moment, began to entertain a most exalted respect.

Here we must interrupt the thread of this veracious history, to inform the reader that the highways issuing from Toledo to the rural districts were truly Spanish in narrowness. That is to say, but one wagon could pass over them at a time; and whenever two met, one was necessarily compelled to diverge ere either could go on. This, at first sight, would appear both awkward and inconvenient. But then, as in those days there was no fencing on the road-sides to hinder the drivers from turning off, it was not so inconvenient after all.

Another fact. The roads were not always so straight as they might have been. Hence it not unfrequently happened that, on approaching a bend, the traveller suddenly found himself face to face with another, who, as was sometimes the case,—thanks to the Spaniard's love of romance!—turned out to be a *stopper* of travellers.

With these two facts in his mind, the reader will not be surprised to learn that the man in gray, on turning a curve, unexpectedly found himself close upon a tall, majestic monk, who was thoughtfully advancing.

"Save you, holy father!" he exclaimed, reining in his mule.

"Benedicite, my son!" returned the monk, pausing, and surveying him with a scrutinizing eye. "Have you travelled far?"

"Only from the city," said Pequilo, "to which I suppose your reverence is bound?"

"It may be," said the monk, whose carefully-drawn cowl allowed but little besides his saintly-looking eyes to be visible. "Have you confessed to-day, son," he added, laying his hand upon the bridle. "If not, I should be glad to hear and to absolve you."

There was a something in his air that caused the man in gray to feel slightly uncomfortable.

"I made a clean breast at early mass, father," he replied, striving to preserve his composure.

"But your sins since then?" said the monk.

"Except envying the owner of a joint of mutton, which the kitchen wench was bearing from a baker's, and eating dinner without saying grace, I have committed none, your reverence," answered the ex-valet, growing more and more uneasy.

"Holy church must not be cheated of her dues," said the monk, severely. "There is a stump in the wood here, on which I can sit and listen to your confession."

"Indeed, holy father, you must excuse me. Time is precious, and I have far to go. Besides——"

"No words," interrupted the monk. "Dismount and follow me!"

And to enforce his command, the ecclesiastic with one hand retained his hold of the bridle, and with the other pointed sternly towards the wood.

His manner subdued the resisting powers of the ex-valet, who, trembling like a bird under the fascinating gaze of a serpent, clumsily left his saddle and walked into the thicket, whither the monk followed him.

"I am ready now, your reverence," he said, or rather chattered, after proceeding a few yards

"Further on," said the monk.

The ex-valet was seized with an indescribable terror. Had his life depended upon it, he could not have done otherwise than follow the bidding of the priest, whose imperious will constrained him into unconditional submission.

They were now about twenty rods from the road, and the ex-valet involuntarily paused again.

"Further!" said the monk.

The ex-valet obeyed; but it was with the air of one conscious that he was on his way to the scaffold. By and bye his legs began to give way beneath him.

"Halt!" said the monk.

Pequilo did so; but the order was to him as if the executioner had said, "There is the block, lay down your head."

"Kneel," said the monk, seating himself upon a stone, "and confess."

The man in gray dropped helplessly upon his knees.

"What shall I say, your reverence?" he asked, intuitively comprehending that the extraordinary course of the priest was not taken for the purpose of hearing his "roast-joint" sins.

"In whose service are you?" demanded the monk.

"No one's, your reverence. I am a poor, penniless rascal, living upon my wits."

"What do you mainly rely on for bread?"

"Picking pockets, your reverence," answered the man in gray, modestly.

The monk meditated.

"What else?" he asked, after a pause.

"Making a pretty penny whenever I can," was the reply.

A long, severe silence followed.

"I fear," said the monk, at length, "that you must be handed over to the inquisitors, and interrogated from the rack."

"O, for the love of heaven—no!" cried the ex-valet, white with terror.

"You are suspected!" said the monk, sternly.

"I, your reverence?"

"Of treason and heresy," said the monk, severely. "They are rife, and the fires of the inquisition are kept constantly burning. Only last night ten were seized while in the very act of unlawful council, in a wood, a few miles hence, and, with their traitorous correspondence pinned to their breasts, hurried off to feed the approaching auto da fe at Madrid. You are suspected of being of their number."

"I?" exclaimed the man in gray, gasping with fright.

"You were observed leaving the city, and seen to stop at an inn on the way," continued the monk, coldly shaking his head. "Nay, information is lodged against you to the effect that you are the bearer of certain papers of which, since the death of one Don Juan de Mendoza, the familiars have been in quest."

The ex-valet turned white as a sheet. Plunging his hand under his doublet, he drew forth the paper which had given Don Lopez so much concern, and thrusting it into the hands of the monk, exclaimed—

"There it is, holy father. Take and give it to whom you will. But, as I hope to be saved, I was ignorant of its importance, or——"

"How did it come into your possession?" interrupted the monk, gravely.

"I picked it from young Mendoza's pocket, after his fall in the duel."

"Did you witness the unlawful fight?"

"Yes, father, unobserved and from among the branches of a tall locust."

"How came you to be there?"

"I had overheard the appointment for the fight, and concluding that there would be good pickings in case either should get killed, I rose early and reached the ground before them."

"Have you read the papers?" demanded the monk, looking at him with a piercing eye.

"No—no," your reverence, stammered Pequilo.

"Beware!" said the monk, sternly. "Holy Church knows every thing. She receives intelligence from the saints."

"Ye-yes, holy father! I have."

The confessor looked grave, and appeared to be deliberating.

Pequilo shuddered.

"What did you design to do with the paper?" asked the priest, presently.

"To make use of it to play upon the fears of a woodman, who lives on the estate of the rich widow Donna Isabel de la Montera."

"Upon his *fears*?" said the monk observing the ex-valet with a derisive air.

"Yes, your reverence. I have his secret, and doubtless could lay him under a periodical contribution for my silence."

"That was the object of your this day's journey?" inquired the confessor.

"Yes, your reverence."

The monk looked down, in thought.

"This woodman is a fallen man," he reproachfully remarked, at length; "is hunted, persecuted, and driven at times to despair, by the unmeritedness of his sufferings."

"I am a fallen man, too, your reverence!" said Pequilo, in extenuation.

"But he is now beyond further harm," said the monk, as if half to himself. "In his wretchedness he was weak enough to allow himself to make one of the traitors that were dragged last night to Madrid. I pity, but cannot help admitting the justness of his fate!"

Not a word of this was lost upon the man in gray, who mentally swore that Saint Philip should receive his patronage no more.

"As for you, poor miserable man," continued the monk, "you, who have no reasonable excuse for your knavery—you, who take to crime from sheer choice, when, if you would, you might pursue a respectable life; you, who would exact money from the fallen as the price of not betraying them—you, who mix yourself up in dangerous matters which are the exclusive province of the church and of the state—you who cannot even tarry at a way-side inn without making an attempt upon the pockets of your fellow travelers—"

"This priest is a wizard!" muttered the ex-valet, in mingled terror and amazement.

"For you," continued the monk, "the inquisition has but one doom; and I—I, though admitted to its secrets, may not speak it!"

"O, holy father!" exclaimed Pequilo, "for the love of heaven! do not let me be taken. I am a poor, luckless scamp, and too insignificant to notice. If any one would take me into his service and thereby enable me to get an honest living I would never pick another pocket!"

"Too late—too late!" said the monk, shaking his head. "You have postponed repentance too long. You are already sentenced!"

"Mercy, your reverence—mercy! You can save me, if you will! O, if you ever had pity for a poor worm—"

"The messengers of the Holy Office are even now waiting at the next house for you to come along!" interrupted the priest. "The manacles are ready for your legs and wrists, and at the inquisition the pincers heating for you——but I must not speak of things forbidden!"

The man in gray tore open his doublet, and wrenching the lining, out fell the results of his interview with the viceroy and of his respects to the pockets of the defunct Don Juan de Mendoza.

"Here, holy father!" he exclaimed, "here is gold—the savings of a life of penury and toil. Take it, and save me!"

"Dost take me for one like yourself!" returned the priest, scornfully, "that I should coin money from another's misfortune! Dare you to think so meanly of a priest of the Holy Office!"

"I offer it not as a bribe, most holy father!" cried the ex-valet, "but as a token of my sincere admiration and esteem!"

"Doubtless!" returned the priest; "for were I but to blow the shrill signal whistle, you would be on your way to Madrid! But take up your money, poor fool. I want it not, nor will take it. The priests of the Holy Office are chosen for their superiority to temptation!"

"He wants a *higher* bribe!" muttered the ex-valet. "And because I can't afford it, I must be fried, some fine morning, like a heretic, before breakfast! If Saint Philip would but have compassion on his old patron and come to his aid, now!"

"Have you parents who are dependent upon you?" asked the monk.

"There is no use in lying to this priest—he knows everything!" said the man in gray, to himself. "None," he replied, dolefully. "I am a poor orphan, with no one to counsel or advise me, and struggling, friendless and alone, to make my way through the world."

"An orphan!" said the monk. "A pretty large one, knave!"

"True, your reverence. A *big* orphan!"

"Are there any female hearts that would suffer by your death?"

"Seven, most holy father!" was the dolorous reply, accompanied by a tear.

"How, knave!" exclaimed the monk, sternly. "Seven?"

"One to visit every night in the week," said the ex-valet, modestly. "And all cooks, your reverence," he added, that he might not be suspected of keeping anything back. "How were I to expect supper, else?"

"Supper, varlet! Have you not a dependence—robbing your neighbors' pockets? And is not that enough without adding to your villainy by engaging the affections of so many innocent women?"

"Ah! holy father," said the man in gray, "every business has its drawbacks. It is true I pick pockets; but then, in nine cases out of ten, there is little or nothing in them. To give your reverence an illustration. I cleaned nine on Monday last, and all I got for my extensive risks were three soiled handkerchiefs, two shirt buttons, a bunch of keys an empty purse, and three maravedis. But for a slice of cold fowl and a piece of bread, from a sweetheart, in the evening. I had starved."

"But the great sin of trifling with the warm, gushing affections of seven confiding maidens, rascal?"

"They are not maidens, holy father; they are widows, and mostly have been married three or four times, so that their affections are, like themselves, pretty well worn. They are generally on the wrong side of the marriageable age; and they know very well that their principal attractions lie in the pantry. When one sweetheart falls off, they soon pick up another, for who that is down in fortune can resist the influence of the larder?"

"Then, sirrah, by your own confession, the seven, in case you should be dealt with according to law, would speedily make up their loss!"

"Not *all* of them, holy father," returned the ex-valet, whose wit did not fail him at this critical moment. "There are two who, I am persuaded, would pine away and die; one, a fat, buxom old maid, who never had a lover before and who shows the depth of her passion by the number and the variety of dishes which she blushingly places before me, declaring that it does her very soul good to see my appetite; the other, a lean, shadowy widow, whose husband has been dead about twenty years, during which time she preserved herself heart-free, and her affection, which sprung up a few short months ago, may therefore be considered as good as new."

"Do you propose, in your heart, to marry either?" asked the monk.

"Both, your reverence," modestly answered the man in gray.

"How, varlet! Will you add bigamy to your already long list of crimes?"

"The fat spinster is apoplectic," explained the man in gray; "and the joys of matrimony will, in all likelihood, take her off ere the end of the honeymoon. Then I shall lawfully be able to comfort the shadowy widow, who, though only a cook is really a woman of refinement."

"Doubtless!" observed the monk, drily. "Her selection of so worthy a knave as yourself is proof positive of her judgment and good taste!"

Pequilo squirmed, but made no reply.

"Yet," continued the priest, "for the sake of these poor women, who should not be made to suffer for your misdeeds, I will not take advantage of mine office."

"May my patron, the good Saint Philip, take your reverence under his protection!" cried the man in gray, springing to his feet.

"It is not for me," said the monk, "to counsel you to return to Toledo with what speed you can command, nor to bid you beware how you again show your face on this road, where certain arrest awaits you. But," he added, wheeling significantly on his heel, "if I turn my head to the west and close mine ears and cannot hear or perceive your footsteps as they retreat eastward, the day after to-morrow there will surely be one victim the less under torture at Madrid. And that," he continued, as if to himself, "ought partially to excuse my disobedience; for what sort of priest is he who has no heart for mercy and finds joy only at sight of a fellow creature's blood!"

Pequilo gratefully took the hint, and with it his departure; and two minutes later he was in the saddle, and driving back to the city like one sensible of the value and importance of his head.

As the man in gray fled down the road, a personage stepped cautiously from behind an adjoining tree, and smilingly approached the monk.

It was the ex-valet's late master—Don Lopez.

"Now, by our halidome!" he exclaimed, "but you cozened the poor knave finely. I could scarcely restrain myself from betraying you with laughter!"

"I trow I'm not the first that has found a priest's gown convenient for his purposes!" returned the woodman—for it was he—with a grim smile.

"You frightened the poor varlet to his very soul, and, with a tact for which I did not give you credit, shook his secrets, and the document I told you of, from him, like a veritable confessor. Judging from your success with him, who knows but you might conquer your hard fortune by turning priest in earnest!"

"Faith! old friend, the idea is not a bad one, and I'll treasure it. But let's sit down and peruse this precious description of my whereabouts and all the particulars of my woodman's history. So!" he observed, with a long breath, when he had finished the paper, "a letter to the king, and signed by the elder Mendoza, whose son doubtless would have taken it in person to Madrid but for his duel with young Sorbano, over whom he expected to triumph. What capital," he added, half musingly, "could this judge have looked for in my arrest? I never injured him!"

"Wheels work within wheels!" said Don Lopez. "De Mendoza was ever subtle and ambitious, and is one of those who never make a movement without an object. What his aim is in this, or how he could have learned your history, I cannot guess; but that he sees advantage to himself in betraying you to the king, is patent to me, who know the man. But you are meditative?"

"I'm thinking whether he and I have met," returned the woodman. "A few months ago, yielding, in a weak moment, to a fancy to look once more upon a crowded city, a sight to which my eyes for two and twenty years had been strangers, I visited Toledo."

"I remember the imprudence," observed Don Lopez, "and also how I feared lest, in spite of time and your disguise, you should be discovered."

"While gazing, with the stare of a country clown, at a jeweller's window, I chanced, from one of those strange intuitive impulses for which none can account, to turn my head a moment and beheld a dark-browed man, of middling height, with small restless eyes, a hooked nose, close, thin, straight lips, a parchment-like skin, and his purple velvet hat heavy with black plumes, standing in the doorway of a contiguous mercer's, where he most likely had been making a purchase, and silently observing me."

"'Twas the judge himself!" exclaimed Don Lopez.

"As our eyes met, his suddenly assumed an expression of absent-mindedness, and, not being fully satisfied that he was not curiously examining my rustic garb and not its wearer, I resisted the temptation to pull his nose and passed on."

"It was De Mendoza!" repeated Don Lopez, uneasily. "You have described his person as it has been familiar to me any time these twenty years!"

"But how could he have recognized my face?"

"Does not your portrait hang in the condemned chamber of the Escurial, and are not all the leading officers of state throughout the nation expected to go up at least once a year to renew their allegiance to the king?"

"Right!" observed the woodman, thoughtfully. "All is explained. And now but one thing remains for me to do; and that is, my secret being known, to remove myself as far from hence as possible, and, under yet another name, again court the precarious safety that lies in obscurity and disguise!"

"And yet," said Don Lopez, "though thus hunted, thus persecuted, thus pushed down to earth, by an unjust king, you do not repine?"

"Repining is for weak hearts—not men's," replied the woodman, taking off his monk's dress, and carefully folding it up into a small roll. "Fortune will one day tire of scourging an innocent man, and then she will either restore me to my place, or send me to the headsman. But for my brave boy, whose destiny I'd see pointed out with a clearer hand than now, I would not care how soon she laid my head beneath the turf!"

As they emerged from the wood, a boy came running towards them.

"O, senor!" he cried, addressing the woodman, "a dark-browed man with wandering eyes and a sallow cheek, and accompanied by three alguazils, have been making particular inquiries concerning you, and are now looking for you through the wood."

"Thank you, my brave boy!" said the woodman, throwing him a piece of silver, and exchanging a glance with Don Lopez. "And who dispatched you with the intelligence to me?"

"Francisco, your first assistant, senor. But I cannot accept of this money; you have ever been very kind to me, and——"

"Yet keep it, to remember me by," interrupted the woodman, touched at the youth's faltering voice and manner. "Misfortune has come upon me, boy, and I must away."

"For that very reason, senor, you will need all your money. Indeed, indeed, I cannot keep it!" cried the lad, offering to return the coin.

"If you persist thus," returned the woodman, with a quivering lip, "I shall be compelled to present you with another, and that would render me poorer by yet another paul. Put it up, therefore," he added, with a forced smile, "and tell me how long the man with the dark brows and his friends the alguazils will probably be scouring the woods in quest of me?"

"A good long hour, senor, if I were there to assist them," replied the lad, with an intelligent smile.

"In that case, my brave boy, I will accompany you to the house, and after you have sent Francisco to my room, you can go and show the gentlemen through the labyrinths."

"To the house, senor!" cried the boy, in terror. "So near?"

"What matters it, so long as the officers are mystified in the wood? Besides, ten minutes will cover my entrance and departure, providing you will whisper to Borico to have me a horse in readiness at the gate!"

"I understand," said the lad, brightly. "O, I will lead the varlets such a dance!" he added, to himself, as he darted off in the direction of the widow's country seat.

"And now," said the woodman, turning to Don Lopez, "old and tried friend of two and twenty years! I fain would withhold the word, but I perforce must say it,—farewell! Where I shall go, I know not; but so soon as I shall have found a tarrying place, I will make means to acquaint you with it!"

"Farewell!" cried Lopez, wringing his hand and turning away with emotion.

"God speed thee, true heart!" murmured the woodman, looking after him a few moments, with humid eyes; "and may that fortune which takes delight in bruising me, ever smile kindly upon thee and all of thine!"

Meanwhile the ex-valet, disappointed and chagrined, pushed on to the city, which he at length reached, in a state of mind and stomach that was far from satisfactory

"I went out for a pretty penny and am come back without it," he muttered, gnawing his moustache, as he turned the corner of the narrow street in which he dwelt. "Saint Philip does not appreciate my patronage, and I'll transfer it to St. Catherine, whom, from this hour, I invoke to watch over my interests, and to whom I'll give a wax candle every morning for a week."

But the misfortunes of the day were not yet over.

On reaching his lodgings, the man in gray was startled by a legal apparition, whose official costume caused him to leap back in affright.

It was that of an alguazil, who, for upwards of two hours, had been patiently awaiting his arrival.

"I want you!" said the stranger rising and taking him by the shoulder.

"O perfidious St. Catherine!" muttered the unhappy man. "Is this the way you treat your new patron!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

NO FAVORS FOR THE POOR.

Once poor, my friend, still poor you must remain;
The rich alone have all the means of gain.

No complaint has been more frequently repeated in all ages than that of the neglect of merit associated with poverty, and the difficulty with which valuable or pleasing qualities force themselves into view, when they are obscured by indigence. It has been long observed, that native beauty has little power to charm without the ornaments which fortune bestows, and that to want the favor of others is often sufficient to hinder us from obtaining it.

Every day discovers that mankind are not yet convinced of their error, or that their conviction is without power to influence their conduct; for poverty still continues to produce contempt, and still obstructs the claims of kindred and of virtue. The eye of wealth is elevated towards higher stations, and seldom descends to examine the actions of those who are placed below the level of its notice, and who in distant regions and lower situations are struggling with distress, or toiling for bread. Among the multitudes overwhelmed with insuperable calamity, it is common to find those whom a very little assistance would enable to support themselves with decency, and who yet cannot obtain from near relations what they see hourly lavished in ostentation, luxury, or frolic. But there are natural reasons why poverty does not easily conciliate affection. He that has been confined from his infancy to the conversation of the lowest classes of mankind, must necessarily want those accomplishments which are the usual means of attracting favor; and though truth, fortitude, and probity, give an indisputable right to reverence and kindness, they will not be distinguished by common eyes, unless they are brightened by elegance of manners, but are cast aside like unpolished gems, of which none but the artist knows the intrinsic value, till their asperities are smoothed and their incrustations rubbed away.

* * *

INESCAPABLE CONSEQUENCES OF GREATNESS.—No man rises to such a height as to become conspicuous, but he is on one side censured by undiscerning malice, which reproaches him for his best actions, and slanders his apparent and incontestable excellencies; and idolized on the other by ignorant admiration, which exalts his faults and follies into virtues.

BEAR THE CROSS.

BY C. G. DUNN.

I.
There are flowers that ne'er shall wither,
Blossoms that shall ne'er decay:
They are found beyond this planet,
In the realms of endless day.
If you fain would taste these flowers,
Blooming in immortal bowers—
Bear the Cross.

II.
There are hopes that never crumble—
Lustrous hopes that ne'er shall die—
Hopes that bud upon this fair earth,
But which ripen 'yond the sky.
If these hopes, that ne'er shall perish,
You desira to have and cherish—
Bear the Cross.

III.
There are friends who live forever—
Friends whom Death hath sent before—
Through the dark and silent valley
To a far sublimer shore.
Would ye have these friends forever
By your side, and leave them never—
Bear the Cross.

IV.
There are never-dying pleasures—
Pleasures sweet and holier far,
Than the bodiless enjoyments
Which around about us are.
Do you wish to find these pleasures,
These celestial, priceless treasures?
Bear the Cross.

V
There are bright and fadeless beauties,
Constellated by God's hand,
Where the gentle waves of music
Flood with melody a land.
If you fain would see these beauties,
Never trifle with life's duties—
Bear the Cross

VI.
There are never-clouded glories—
Glories robed in holy awe—
There are splendors that are grander
Than this world of hours e'er saw.
Would you, when your live-ties sever,
Gaze upon these glories ever—
Bear the Cross.

VII.
There's a life which ne'er shall slumber—
There are blisses blent with love,
And if you be ever faithful
You'll experience them above,
Where, when cometh Death's to-morrow,
You shall, purged of every sorrow,
Wear a Crown.

THE PATRIOT'S ESCAPE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

On the morning of June 26th, the inhabitants of Genoa were startled by a strange announcement. Upon the *Piazza Nuova* were collected men and women of all grades and ages, and many a dark and angry look was turned towards the ducal palace; and from thence the eager glances turned upon the dull, gloomy tower of the prison, which was not over a hundred paces distant. The conversation was carried on in low whispers, and the man or woman who dared to utter the word "*liberta*," was sure first to cast a furtive look around to see that no spy was peering about in the vicinity.

"What is it?" asked a new-comer upon the Piazza, speaking to a young man in a gaudy dress.

"Eh!—What? Andrea, is this you?"

"Yes. I am just from Lyons. Arrived last evening. But what happened, Medo?"

"Happened? Ah—you would hardly believe it. Our young Count, Michael Sofilli, is in prison. He was apprehended some time during the past night."

Andrea Arizzo turned pale. He grasped Medo Pazzoli by the hand, and having cast a quick glance around, he said—

"The noble Count arrested! My soul, what news! Have they evidence against him?"

"Yes, most positive. One of his own letters has fallen into the hands of these accursed spies! But we must not talk here. The very stones have loyal ears. Come—let's seek a safer place. But drive that frown from your brow. For the love of mercy, don't let them see you frown, or *you* may dwell in the tower before night! Put on a smile as we go. Come—follow me—not by my side—behind—keep a respectable distance."

Thus speaking, Pazzoli commenced to hum a love song, and started off, his companion following at a short distance.

Medo Pazzoli was not yet thirty; but he possessed a big heart, and a strong love of Liberty. His father had been dead a year, and had left his only son a fortune of two hundred thousand crowns, with the title of *gentleman*. He was small in frame, but acknowledged to be one of the bravest men in the country.

Andrea Arizzo was ten or twelve years older than Medo, and some stouter in frame. He, too, was wealthy, and might have been a count had he wished. He *said* he would not incur the expenses of a title; but in reality he despised it. He was a firm *Liberal*, and hated the very sound of "*Lealta*."

The Count Michael Sofilli was five-and-thirty, and beloved by all classes in Genoa. Of an old family, and wealthy, he enjoyed the respect and confidence of the nobility; while his prodigal liberality and benevolence had secured to him the affections of the people.

The three men thus introduced had long been firm friends; and for some time they had been strong and active Liberals. They had supplied the Republican leaders with money, and had also conveyed to them much valuable information. Yet they had managed to work thus far—or, until the previous night—unsuspected. The position they occupied, as well as the work they had to perform, required that they should keep their liberal proclivities profoundly secret. Not only their own lives depended upon it, but the safety of the cause demanded it. The noble bands of Republicans who assembled in the mountains knew that in these three men they possessed firm friends and ardent helpers. Many an Alpine leader had been able to escape the royal troops by information secretly conveyed to them from our three acquaintances.

But the Count Sofilli—the most influential of the trio—had been apprehended; and one half the city stood fear-stricken, while the other half gaped with wonder, for none, save the very few chosen ones, had ever dreamed that the Count was a Liberal.

When Pazzoli stopped, it was at his own hotel. He passed in, and shortly afterwards Arizzo followed him, and the two were soon closeted alone.

"What's to be done?" was Pazzoli's first remark.

"First we must know how much has been discovered," answered the other.

"O—I can tell you that, for I was present when he wrote the letter which has been found. You needn't start in that way, for I had no part in it—my name was not mentioned. The Count wrote to Sforza, who is now in the mountains, promising to send him money as soon as a safe opportunity should present itself. He sent the letter by a messenger of Sforza's own choice; but the fellow fell into the hands of the soldiers at the outer pass of Sestri, and the letter was found in one of his stockings."

"Then there can be no hopes of his escape by trial?"

"Of course not. If he is left to the tender mercies of government he must die as sure as fate!"

"Then we must help him."

"That's it. We must help him."

"But how?"

"Ah—that happens to be the only question I am not yet prepared to answer."

"When will he be tried?"

"This very day."

"So soon?"

"Yes. They seem to have a little respect for his station, so do not yet put him in a dungeon. But he will be convicted, and then shut up as fast as may be."

"Will he plead?"

"I think not."

"We must see his wife."

"Aye—so I have thought. She must come here. Her house will be watched. I will send word ——"

"But we can go there more safely than she can come here. Whoever is seen coming from there before the trial may be followed."

"You are right, Andrea. We will go there. Oh! the noble, generous Count must be saved—he *shall* be if we can do it. We must be cautious—not for our own safety, but for his."

"I am with you to the death, Medo! From this time forth, until he is free, my life is his!"

"Of course," suggested Andrea; "there is no taint of suspicion against us."

"No," answered Medo.

The elder of the two bowed his head a few moments, and finally moved close to his companion's side, and whispered something into his ear.

Medo Pazzoli started back in terror under the first influence of the words he had heard.

"We can do it in no other way," urged Arizzo. "Thus we shall be free to act, and to see him. I have a plan in my mind—not perfect yet—but still of momentous weight. What say you? I know 'tis fearful, but the demands are pressing."

At length Pazzoli reached forth his hand, and said—

"I will do it!"

* * * * * *

The spacious court-room adjoining the ducal palace was crowded to excess. People came to sorrow, and they came to wonder. They came prepared to believe, and to disbelieve; but by far the most of them came in the hope that the beloved Count would be cleared.

Michael Sofilli stepped forward and faced his accusers. He was a noble-looking man; and as he stood now, with his arms folded, his dark eyes beaming with proud light, and his thin lips firmly set, a murmur of admiration arose upon every hand.

The Count refused to plead at all. That was a confession at once; for those who could not understand it knew that he was too honorable even to descend to a legal quibble.

The letter was produced, and he owned it his! Then it was read; and from that moment none could hope for his escape.

As soon as the murmurs consequent upon the reading of the letter had died away, Andrea Arizzo pressed his way forward. He did not look towards the prisoner, but kept his keen, dark eye upon the judge. When he had gained the proper place he addressed the court, and then proceeded:

"It is hard for me, who have been so long a bosom friend of the noble Count, thus to appear against him; but *my duty* bids me do it. My Lord, I have seen Michael Sofilli repeatedly in company with those whom I feared were rebels; and once, while people supposed him sick in his own palace, he was with the foul robber Sforza in the mountains. I think, too, that he has furnished much money to the enemy. I know that his confidential servant has often left the city with a true passport for Vignano, and gone direct beyond the passes of Sestri. It is painful for me to say these things, but a *noble duty* compels me."

Arizzo was questioned by the judge, and his answers were direct and frank. He was dismissed with the assurance that his noble devotion to the cause of loyalty should not go unrewarded.

"I ask not for reward," he replied, "I have it already. But if you would have further proof, my friend Pazzoli can corroborate all that I have said."

When Arizzo had first spoken, the prisoner uttered a deep groan, and covered his face with his hands. His agony was intense beyond all power to hide or control it. That Andrea Arizzo—his bosom friend—should thus appear against him was worse than a thousand deaths! Of course he had done this to hide himself from suspicion. He had appeared against his friend to save himself!

Pazzoli was called for, and he came up. Michael Sofilli knew that *he* could not prove false. And yet Pazzoli informed against him. Pazzoli swore that all was true which Andrea had said!

The prisoner could not believe his own eyes or ears. It was some cruel phantasy that had come to torture him. Pazzoli and Arizzo—the two men of all others whom he had loved—appear thus to condemn him to death! No, no—'twas impossible! The father of infernal imps had assumed their forms and done this thing!

But Michael Sofilli was pronounced guilty, and condemned to die. Word was sent to the jailer to place him in the dungeon of the death-warrant! When he asked how long he would live, he was told, *six days!*

* * * * * *

It was midnight, and Minna Sofilli was alone in her chamber. She was a noble woman, both in form, in feature, and in soul. She was just the woman for the Count to love, and surely no true man could help loving her who knew her. She had done weeping, for the fount of her tears was dry. She sat now with her hands clasped upon her heart, and her swollen eyes turned towards heaven.

There came a rap upon the door, and when she spoke a young girl entered, and informed her that two men wished to see her below.

"Who are they?" she asked, in a whisper.

"They would not give me their names. But they came to offer help."

Minna Sofilli went down, and when she entered her husband's library she met Pazzoli and Arizzo.

"Oh! In the name of heaven, sirs, leave this dwelling!" the woman gasped, as she saw the men who had appeared against her beloved. "Must you add to your infamy by this mockery?"

"Minna Sofilli," spoke Pazzoli, sternly, "are you, too, so simple that you cannot see beneath a veil that was only meant to blind the eyes of loyal officers? Did we not know that your husband was sure of being convicted ere we spoke?"

"Oh! And so ye could tear away the last pride of a dying man for your own safety! Ye could show him that he had no friends!"

"Listen, Minna."

She did listen; and ere long her bosom swelled, and her eye grew bright. The trio conversed a long while, and when they had done, Minna Sofilli stood erect with hope beaming in her lustrous eyes.

"I will do my part," she said, "though I close not my eyes till it be done!"

"And we will do ours, even though death looked us direct in the face!" was Pazzoli's response.

Within half an hour from that time Minna was at work. Her faithful maid helped her, and together they labored on. The task required ingenuity and patience, but they were equal to it. Hour by hour the work progressed, and the eager, anxious wife had the satisfaction of seeing her efforts gradually producing the very thing that was required. Ingenuity such as she never dreamed of before sprang to life in her brain at the need, and an answering skill applied it to the purpose in hand.

Her work was done on the third day, and then she slept!

* * * * * *

Medo Pazzoli and Andrea Arizzo appeared at the ducal palace to intercede for Minna Sofilli. She prayed that she might see her husband once before he died.

"We will be present at the interview," said Pazzoli, "and thus we may be assured no treason can transpire."

The duke pondered a few moments, but it was more from habit than from any thought of refusing the request.

"We were somewhat surprised," explained Arizzo, "that she should send for us; but she feared that her husband's friends would refuse lest they should be suspected of sympathy with him. Of course she had no such fear on our account. Ah—this rebellion is a sad thing! The Count might have been a noble champion of Loyalty but for that."

"True, true, Arizzo. He was a fine young man, but foolish withal. However, you may go to the woman, and give her hope and comfort of seeing her husband. But mind—you must be present at the interview."

"Aye, my Lord. That was the only condition upon which we would consent to come."

The Duke wrote an order for Andrea Arizzo and Medo Pazzoli to conduct Minna Sofilli to the dungeon where her husband was confined; and having received this the two men left.

Late in the afternoon a close carriage stopped before the prison. Pazzoli and Arizzo alighted, and then handed out a female who was closely veiled. She walked between the two men, holding each by the arm. The ducal order was presented, and the party were conducted to the cell of the condemned. It was a low, damp dungeon, the very sight of which was terrible.

"Fear not, lady," said Pazzoli, tenderly. "Be of good cheer. Strive to give your husband courage to meet his fate."

The female made no reply, but still clung to the arms of her friends. The door of the dungeon was thrown open, and the two passed in, the lady becoming so weak that she had fairly to be assisted over the threshold. The jailer looked in and saw the prisoner sitting by his table, and without remark he closed the door and departed. He heard the quick cry of joy, and the deep sob of emotion, and then walked away in a sort of philosophical mood.

Half an hour was the time allotted. It passed quickly away, and at the proper moment the jailer was at the door. He looked in and saw Sofilli sitting at his table—his head bowed upon his hands in deep grief—while his wife stood over him with her arms about his neck.

"Time's up!"

"Farewell, my angel!" pronounced the voice of Sofilli. "I cannot see your face again—I cannot! God bless you!—There!"

The female dropped her veil and turned, and having taken her place between her two friends as before, the party left the cell. The prisoner seemed so bowed with anguish that the keeper would not disturb him, so he closed the door and followed the visitors.

In a few moments the carriage rolled away, and the jailer sang a simple ditty to himself. Two hours afterwards he went and opened Sofilli's door and put his supper in, but he stopped to make no remarks.

At midnight the keeper went his rounds, and when he entered Sofilli's dungeon he was surprised to find the prisoner still sitting in his chair, with his back towards the door, and his head bowed upon his hands, just as he was left when his visitors departed.

"Hallo! Are you going to bed to-night, Senor Count?"

The jailer put his hand upon the prisoner's shoulder as he spoke, but the latter neither moved nor made reply.

"Come, come—wake up!"

The jailer gave a smart jerk as he uttered this, and the man before him tumbled over upon the floor! With a quick cry of alarm the keeper set down his lantern and stooped over the prostrate form. He lifted it up, and it was light like a bag of rags! He pulled away his hands from the face, and found that he had nothing but a veritable "man of rags" for a prisoner!

For a few moments the astounded man was unable even to think; but quickly he raised his lantern to examine his prize more closely It was a perfectly formed image, consisting of an outer case of stout linen, neatly stuffed with rags and cotton. There were strings leading from the feet and head to the wrists, and so nicely arranged, that in walking, all the natural movements could be imitated. The face was of wax, and exquisitely moulded; but that portion of the work had not been necessary. The hair was very naturally arranged, as were all the other parts.

As soon as possible the alarm was given, and the soldiers were sent in search of the prisoner and his accomplices. They went to Sofilli's house, but they found no one there. Then they went to the dwelling of Arizzo and Pazzoli, but with the same result.

In the morning the Duke was frantic with rage. He rushed to the prison and saw the image. He caused two men to place it between them and work the strings in the arms; and the result satisfied him that his jailer might easily have been deceived. Rewards were offered, and soldiers sent out; but it availed nothing. The escaped prisoner was beyond reach.

In the meantime Sofilli and his friends were on their way to a place of safety. Before visiting the prison Pazzoli and Arizzo had gathered up all their money and jewels, and Minna had done the same. A small felucca lay at single anchor between Genoa and Nervi; and when the carriage left the prison it was driven around to the Count's palace, where Minna and her maid entered, and then away out of the city, Pazzoli having a pass for so doing. In half an hour they reached the felucca; and in another half hour the firm friends were upon the dark waters of the Gulf, where the wife rested upon her husband's bosom without fear; and where he could embrace his two noble friends, and ask them to forgive him for having, under a startling provocation, once suspected them.

But there could be no more doubt of a friendship which had proved itself thus; and if there was a pang at the thought of leaving their native land, perhaps forever, it was alleviated by the memory that, while they left an old home, they went forth to seek that liberty which the land of their birth could not afford.

The felucca made a safe run to Toulon, where our fugitives found passage to Gibraltar; and thence they sailed for the United States, where they now enjoy, beneath the banner of heaven's own stars and rainbow stripes, the privilege of worshipping God after the dictates of their own consciences, and of singing their songs of liberty without the fear of dungeons and death before their eyes.

ATTRACTIONS AND REPULSIONS.

There are many natures which can never approach within a certain distance, and which, when any irregular motive impels them towards contact, seem to start back from each other by some invincible repulsion. There are others which immediately cohere whenever they come into the reach of mutual attraction, and with very little formality of preparation mingle intimately as soon as they meet. Every man, whom either business or curiosity has thrown at large into the world, will recollect many instances of fondness and dislike, which have forced themselves upon him without the intervention of his judgment; of dispositions to court some and avoid others, when he could assign no reason for the preference, or none adequate to the violence of his passions; of influence that acted instantaneously upon his mind, and which no arguments or persuasions could ever overcome.

Among those with whom time and intercourse have made us familiar, we feel our affections divided in different proportions without much regard to moral or intellectual merit. Every man knows some whom he cannot induce himself to trust, though he has no reason to suspect that they would betray him; those to whom he cannot complain, though he never observed them to want compassion; those in whose presence he never can be gay, though excited by invitations to mirth and freedom; and those from whom he cannot be content to receive instruction, though they never insulted his ignorance by contempt or ostentation.

That much regard is to be had to those instincts of kindness and dislike, or that reason should blindly follow them, we are far from intending to inculcate: it is very certain that by indulgence we may give them strength which they have not from nature, and almost every example of ingratitude and treachery proves, that by obeying them we may commit our happiness to those who are very unworthy of so great a trust. But it may deserve to be remarked, that since few contend much with their inclinations, it is generally vain to solicit the good will of those we perceive thus involuntarily alienated from us; neither knowledge nor virtue will reconcile antipathy, and though officiousness may for a time be admitted, and diligence applauded, they will at last be dismissed with coldness, or discouraged by neglect.

UNIVERSAL DESIRE FOR FAME.

Distinction is so pleasing to the pride of man, that a great part of the pain and pleasure of life arises from the gratification or disappointment of an incessant wish for superiority, from the success or miscarriage of secret compositions, from victories and defeats, of which, though they appear to us of great importance, in reality none are conscious except ourselves.

Proportionate to the prevalence of this love of praise is the variety of means by which its attainment is attempted. Every man, however hopeless his pretensions may appear to all but himself, has some project by which he hopes to rise to reputation; some art by which he imagines that the notice of the world will be attracted; some quality, good or bad, which discriminates him from the common herd of mortals, and by which others may be persuaded to love, or compelled to fear him. The ascents of honor, however steep, never appear inaccessible; he that despairs to scale the precipice by which valor and learning have conducted their favorites, discovers some by-path, or easier acclivity, which, though it cannot bring him to the summit, will yet enable him to overlook those with whom he is now contending for eminence, and we seldom require more *to the happiness of the present hour, than to surpass him that stands next before us.*

MISFORTUNE.

To escape misfortune is to want instruction, and to live at ease is to live in ignorance. As no man can enjoy happiness without *thinking that he ejnoys it*, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune; for the good of our present state is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be sufficient to disturb and harrass him, *if he does not know how much he escapes.* The lustre of diamonds is invigorated by the interposition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are created by the shades. The highest pleasure which nature has indulged to sensitive perception, is that of rest after fatigue; yet that state which labor heightens into delight is of itself only ease, and is incapable of satisfying the mind without the superaddition of diversified amusements.

Prosperity, as is truly asserted by Seneca, very much obstructs the knowledge of ourselves. No man can form a just estimate of his own powers by unactive speculation. That fortitude which has encountered no dangers, that prudence which has surmounted no difficulties, that integrity which has been attacked by no temptations, can at best be considered but as gold not yet brought to the test, of which therefore the true value cannot be assigned.

HOPE.

There is no temper so generally indulged as hope; other passions operate by starts on particular occasions, or in certain parts of life; but hope begins with the first power of comparing our actual with our possible state, and attends us through every stage and period, always urging us forward to new acquisitions, and holding out some distant blessing to our view, promising us either relief from pain, or increase of happiness.

Hope is necessary in every condition. The miseries of poverty, of sickness, of captivity, would, without this comfort, be insupportable; nor does it appear that the happiest lot of terrestrial existence can set us above the want of general blessing; or that life, when the gift of nature and of fortune are accumulated upon it, would not still be wretched, were it not elevated and delighted by the expectation of some new possession, of some enjoyment yet behind, by which the wish shall be at last satisfied, and the heart filled up to its utmost extent.

Hope is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.

"BE MASTER OF THY ANGER."

The maxim which Periander of Corinth, one of the seven sages of Greece, left as a memorial of his knowledge and benevolence, was,—"be master of thy anger." He considered anger as the great disturber of human life, the chief enemy both of public happiness and private tranquility, and thought that he could not lay on posterity a stronger obligation to reverence his memory, than by leaving them a salutary caution against this outrageous passion.

There is in the world a certain class of mortals, known and contentedly known by the appellation of "passionate men" who imagine themselves entitled by that distinction to be provoked on every slight occasion, and to vent their rage in vehement and fierce vociferations, in furious menaces and licentious reproaches. Their rage, indeed, for the most part, fumes away in outcries of injury, and protestations of vengeance, and seldom proceeds to actual violence, unless some helpless person fall in their way; but they interrupt the quiet of those that happen to be within the reach of their clamors, obstruct the course of conversation, and disturb the enjoyment of society.

Those sudden bursts of rage generally break out upon small occasions; for life, unhappy as it is, cannot supply great evils as frequently as the man of fire thinks it fit to be enraged; therefere the first reflection upon his violence must show him that he is mean enough to be driven from his post by every petty incident, that he is the mere slave of casuality, and that his reason and virtue are in the power of the wind.

It is told by Prior, in a panegyric on the Duke of Dorset, that his servants used to put themselves in his way when he was angry, because he was sure to recompense them for any indignities which he made them suffer. This is the round of a passionate man's life; he contracts debts when he is furious, which his virtue, if he has virtue, obliges him to discharge at the return of reason. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation. Or, if there be any who hardens himself in oppression, and justifies the wrong, because he has done it, his insensibility can make small part of his praise, or his happiness; he only adds deliberate to hasty folly, aggravates petulance by contumacy, and destroys the only plea that he can offer for the tenderness and patience of mankind.

Yet, even this degree of folly, we may be content to pity, because it seldom wants a punishment equal to its guilt. Nothing is more miserable than the old age of a passionate man. When the vigor of youth fails him, and his amusements pall with frequent repetition, his occasional rage sinks by decay of strength into peevishness; that peevishness, for want of novelty and variety, becomes habitual; the world falls off from around him, and he is left, as Homer expresses it, "to devour his own heart in solitude and contempt."

ON FORMING FRIENDSHIPS.

Every man must have remarked the facility with which the kindness of others is sometimes gained by those to whom he never could have imparted his own. We are by our occupations, education, and habits of life, divided almost into different species, which regard one another for the most part with scorn and malignity. Each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears, and conversations, vexations and merriment, peculiar to itself; cares which another cannot feel; pleasures which he cannot partake, and modes of expressing every sensation which he cannot understand. That frolic which shakes one man with laughter, will convulse another with indignation; the strain of jocularity which in one place obtains treats and patronage, would in another be heard with indifference, and in a third with abhorrence.

To raise esteem we must benefit others; to procure love we must please them. Aristotle observes, that old men do not readily form friendships, because they are not easily susceptible of pleasure. He that can contribute to the hilarity of the vacant hour, or partake with equal gust the favorite amusement, he whose mind is employed on the same objects, and who therefore never harasses the understanding with unaccustomed ideas, will be welcomed with ardor, and left with regret, unless he destroys those recommendations by faults with which peace and security cannot consist.

It were happy if, in forming friendships, virtue could concur with pleasure; but the greatest part of human gratifications approach so nearly to vice, that few who make the delight of others their rule of conduct, can avoid disingenuous compliances; yet certainly he that suffers himself to be driven or allured from virtue mistakes his own interest, since he gains succor by means, for which his friend, if ever he becomes wise, must scorn him, and for which at last he must scorn himself.

HAPPINESS DEPENDENT ON TRIFLES.

The main of life is composed of small incidents, and petty occurrences; of wishes for objects not remote, and grief for disappointments of no fatal consequence; of insect vexations which sting us and fly away, impertinences which buzz awhile about us, and are heard no more; of meteoric pleasures which dance before us and are dissipated; of compliments which glide off from the soul like other music, and are forgotten by him that gave and him that received them.

Such is the general heap out of which every man is to cull his own condition: for, as the chemists tell us, that all bodies are resolvable into the same elements, and that the boundless variety of things arises from the different proportions of very few ingredients; so a few pains and a few pleasures are all the materials of human life, and of these the proportions are partly allotted by Providence, and partly left to the arrangement of reason and of choice.

As these are well or ill-disposed, man is for the most part happy or miserable, for very few are involved in great events, or have their thread of life entwisted with the chain of causes on which armies or nations are suspended; and even those who seem wholly busied in public affairs, and elevated above low cares, or trivial pleasures, pass the chief part of their time in familiar and domestic scenes; from these they come into public life, to these they are every hour recalled by passions not to be suppressed; in these they have the reward of their toils, and to these at last they retire.

ASSIDUITY AND PERSEVERANCE.

The most usual way among young men who have no resolution of their own, is, first to ask one friend's advice, and follow it for some time; then to ask advice of another, and turn to that; so of a third; still unsteady, always changing. However, be assured that every change of this nature is for the worse. People may tell you of your being unfit for some peculiar occupation in life: but heed them not; whatever employment you follow with perseverance and assiduity will be found fit for you; it will be your support in youth and comfort in age.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE USES OF LUXURY.

The poor are apt to envy the rich their possession of luxury, and at the same time to decry it. They would not do thus were they rightly to consider the uses of luxury. Suppose all luxuries and elegancies, not absolutely necessary to the existence of man, were done away. What would be the result? Would the poor be better off? In fact, does not the prevalence of luxuries for those who can afford them, render comforts more abundant and cheap for all others? We think so, decidly. The question is, do the foes of luxury oppose it in itself, or because only a portion of mankind enjoy it? Some pretend to decry the *thing*, rather than the *enjoyment*, but it is probable that the majority reason from the other point of view. We should condemn luxury if we fancied it was doing harm or injustice to the poor and the toiling; also if we saw it debasing and degenerating society. Luxury that enervates or vitiates, is an evil to be opposed, but save on this ground, or that of its oppression of the poor, we are not its opposers.

Why? Because we see a great benefit to the masses in the existence of luxurious tastes and the means to honestly gratify them. Suppose the reign of luxury were to cease suddenly, three-fourths of the best rewarding springs of enterprise and toil would cease. How many thousands are employed in a great city, like New York, in the sole service of luxury. All the builders of palaces and gay dwellings; all the decoraters of gilded halls and saloons; all the makers of rare furniture and fixtures of a thousand sorts; all the finer mechanisms and fabrics; all the sprucest ladies' maids, coach and footmen, in livery, cooks salaried like princes, &c., depend upon the reign of luxury. Luxury employs half the sinews and three-fourths of the capital and enterprise of the world. It pays toil and adventure any price for rarest things—things that to the poor, and in themselves, have little or no worth. Fashion, whim, caprice, give them their value,—fashion, which is an inexorable tyrant in the sphere of luxury.

We regard the toiler, of every kind, as being benefitted by the growth of luxury—even a luxury that enervates its possessor, strengthens the mechanic's, the artizan's, and every other toiler's hands. It gives him unfailing work to do. It makes the demand for labor so large that there is no glutting the market with it. Its sort of labor, too, is the very best paying. It requires care and skill, and is willing to give large rewards. To gratify itself and compose something newer and better than others have got, it will pay any price. If it has green peas in mid-winter, it pays for extraordinary means to produce them. It counts money as nothing, if it can buy luxury therewith. And many of its highest priced delicacies and elegancies, are what the poor would weary and complain of, if they were to accept them as comforts. What are nightingale's tongues at £100,000 a feast, compared with a smoking pot of pork and beans (for fifty cents) to the farmer, artizan or mechanic—to the hearty, healthy hard worker of whatever sort!

The envying of the luxury of others is also wrong. Could the poor but measure the aches and stings of gout, dyspepsia, and fevering disease in many shapes haunting the luxurious lived, day and night, making their gilded halls and bowers of roses semi-tophets, they would scarcely envy them more. Luxury is largely the off-spring of sensuousness, and brings misery enough with it to neutralize all its advantages to its possessors. But we are apt to be caught by the glare, and deluded by the outside of things, and the poor can hardly help casting a longing or evil eye at the habitations of luxury. The real blessings of life are scattered far more equally among men than is commonly perceived, and the poorest need but little philosophy to teach them that luxury has its uses for the poor as well as the rich.

* * *

"**The Island Princess**" is the title of Mrs. Southworth's new and powerfully-written story. It is decidedly the best tale that she ever wrote, exceeding in interest even "The Deserted Wife," and "The Lost Heiress," which have been considered her most popular works. We will commence the publication of this charming novelette in our next issue. In the same number we shall introduce a humorous department in the Ledger, which will be edited by Geo. D. Prentice, Esq., the well-known and universally-popular editor of the *Louisville Journal*. This will not in the least interfere with Mr. Prentice's duties with his own paper, with which he will still retain his connection as heretofore, devoting all his time to it, with the exception of the small portion occupied in preparing the matter for his department in the Ledger. With such contributors as Fanny Fern, Geo. D. Prentice, Mrs. Southworth, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Mrs. Sigourney, Emerson Bennett, Alice Cary, Mary Stanley Gibson, Mrs. Vaughan, and a host of others, whose names are to be found in our columns from time to time, we think the Ledger stands unrivalled and unapproachable. *No other paper can produce such a powerful array of names.*

* * *

Louis Napoleon has ordered a noted spiritualist "medium" to quit Paris. His "turning" of tables "turned" the heads of the Empress and her maids of honor to such a degree that they "turned" everything topsy-turvy, and so the Emperor "turned" him out.

RICH AND POOR.

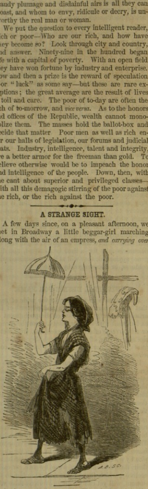
It is a matter of shame, that any journal or anybody, claiming intelligence and respectability, should in this country attempt to create distinctions of classes and pit the rich against the poor, or the poor against the rich. Yet there are such, whose labors are as contemptible as they are wicked. In this country there are no material distinctions of classes. Every man who earns a comfortable honest living, and is intelligent and virtuous, is *independently* rich, and may command respect and esteem, and aspire to all the honors and dignities incident to sovereign citizenship. We have no titles here, nor entails, nor hereditary estates, and all wealth merely in money and goods, in the average of cases, however accumulated to-day, will return to its original sources in two or three generations. It seldom needs more than the children to scatter the father's estate—earned by enterprise and industry.

It is all nonsense to talk about aristocracy here. Every honest industrious man is an aristocrat in his trade and calling, or *ought to be*. By this we mean that every honest calling is of superlative dignity in itself; that its professor can make it just as respectable, if not profitable, as he pleases. Let even the chimney-sweeper stand on the dignity of his trade, and he can be as independent and haughty, if need be, as the Wall-street shaver with his bonds and coupons. The comparatively few men-and-women-apes of extremes in fashions and refinements, are not properly a class among Republican people—they are drones and butterflies, whose gaudy plumage and disdainful airs is all they can boast, and whom to envy, ridicule or decry, is unworthy the real man or woman.

We put the question to every intelligent reader, rich or poor—Who are our rich, and how have they become so? Look through city and country, and answer. Ninety-nine in the hundred began life with a capital of poverty. With an open field they have won fortune by industry and enterprise. Now and then a prize is the reward of speculation—or "luck" as some say—but these are rare exceptions; the great average are the result of lives of toil and care. The poor of to-day are often the rich of to-morrow, and *vice versa*. As to the honors and offices of the Republic, wealth cannot monopolize them. The masses hold the ballot-box and decide that matter Poor men as well as rich enter our halls of legislation, our forums and judicial seats. Industry, intelligence, talent and integrity, are a better armor for the freeman than gold. To believe otherwise would be to impeach the honor and intelligence of the people. Down, then, with the cant about superior and privileged classes—with all this demagogic stirring of the poor against the rich, or the rich against the poor.

A STRANGE SIGHT.

A few days since, on a pleasant afternoon, we met in Broadway a little beggar-girl marching along with the air of an empress, *and carrying over her head a green silk parasol!* How she had come in possession of this article we could not imagine; perhaps some kind-hearted lady had given it to her, or she might have found it lying somewhere and picked it up. However she had come in possession of it, that she valued the parasol highly no one who saw her could doubt. That her bare feet, her soiled and ragged dress, her tattered bonnet and elfish locks should be surmounted by such a stylish article of a lady's street toilette, struck every passer-by as so incongruous that the little promenader attracted to herself more attention than any or all of the elegant ladies by whom she was surrounded. But she was quite unconscious of the sensation she produced. All her faculties seemed absorbed in the pride of her unwonted possession. That little over-arching parosal seemed the horizon of her heart's dearest hopes; beyond it, or besides it, there was nothing of interest to her. As we watched her retreating form, until the sheen of the undulating parasol became fainter and fainter and finally disappeared amid the swaying throng, we could not help wishing that the poor little heart which had that day perhaps tasted its first blissful cup of happiness on earth, might yet be privileged to share bountifully in all the best blessings of earth and Heaven.



MISNOMERS.

It is a pity that, in naming our Republic, States, cities, and towns, more careful attention was not paid to the selection of such names as would best and most emphatically express their natural and general character. Our Republic, for instance, should have been the Columbia of the New World, as an appropriate honor to its great discoverer. We have been saddled in our own State and City with a most odious name, given to them in honor of one of the most corrupt of the English aristocracy, the reckless, profligate Duke of York, who afterwards was whistled out of his native country, as the most contemptuous expression the people could manifest toward him. How much more beautiful and euphonious would Ontario have been as a State name, and the aboriginal Manhattan for our city. Most of the Western States, as, for instance, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, are thus appropriately named; so, too, our great lakes and many of our rivers. Other ill-chosen names may now be too fixed and widely known on the Earth's map to admit of change, but pity 'tis that this had not been thought of ere the evil was past remedy. We are republican, and our national and State names ought not to commemorate a profligate Old World king-craft and aristocracy.

* * *

He who expends money properly is its master; he who lays it up is its keeper; he who loses it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; and he who adores it an idolator.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MALE CRITICISM ON LADIES' BOOKS.

> Courtship and marriage, servants and children, these are the great objects of a woman's thoughts, and they necessarily form the staple topics of their writings and their conversation. We have no right to expect anything else in a woman's book.—N. Y. Times.

Is it in feminine novels *only* that courtship, marriage, servants, and children are the staple? Is not this true of all novels?—of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Bulwer and a host of others? Is it peculiar to feminine pens, most astute and liberal of critics? Would a novel be a novel if it did not treat of courtship and marriage? and if it could be so recognized, would it find readers? When I see such a narrow, snarling criticism as the above, I always say to myself, the writer is some unhappy man, who has come up without the refining influence of mother, or sister, or reputable female friends; who has divided his migratory life between boarding-houses, restaurants, and the outskirts of editorial sanctums; and who knows as much about reviewing a woman's book, as I do about navigating a ship, or engineering an omnibus from the South Ferry, through Broadway, to Union Park. I think I see him writing that paragraph in a fit of spleen—of *male* spleen—in his small boarding-house upper chamber, by the cheerful light of a solitary candle, flickering alternately on cobwebbed walls, dusty wash-stand, begrimed bowl and pitcher, refuse cigar stumps, boot-jacks, old hats, buttonless coats, muddy trousers, and all the wretched accompaniments of solitary, selfish male existence, not to speak of his own puckered, unkissable face; perhaps, in addition, his boots hurt, his cravat-bow persists in slipping under his ear for want of a pin, and a wife to pin it, (poor wretch!) or he has been refused by some pretty girl, as he deserved to be, (narrow-minded old vinegar-cruet!) or snubbed by some lady authoress; or, more trying than all to the male constitution, has had a weak cup of coffee for that morning's breakfast.

But seriously—we have had quite enough of this shallow criticism (?) on lady-books. Whether the book which called forth the remark above quoted, was a good book or a bad one, I know not: I should be inclined to think the *former* from the dispraise of such a pen. Whether ladies can write novels or not, is a question I do not intend to discuss; but that some of them have no difficulty in finding either publishers or readers, is a matter of history; and that gentlemen often write over feminine signatures would seem also to argue that feminine literature is, after all, in good odor with the reading public. Granting that lady-novels are not all that they should be—is such shallow, unfair, wholesale, sneering criticism (?) the way to reform them? Would it not be better and more manly to point out a better way kindly, justly, *and, above all, respectfully?* or—what would be a much harder task for such critics—write a better book!

Fanny Fern.

NOT DEAD YET.

Credulity and superstition are thought to be rapidly declining in our day. *We* hardly think so. The excitement for the mysterious and marvellous could scarcely be greater than it now is. True, men and women are not stoned, and hung, and burned for witches and devils, as in some past times, but the human ear is as greedy for ghostly revelations, and the heart as inclined to nurse them, as in the palmiest days of Salem horrors. Hundreds—nay, thousands—in this city, are this day confident that society is getting on familiar footing with the heretofore impalpable spirit-world, and many of them believe what must be idler and wickeder illusions and delusions than even New England witchcraft—else there has been a stupendous breach made in the old laws of nature, worthy the study of every friend of mental sanity and truth. Mesmerism and clairvoyance, biology and spirit-rappings, have been scattering mischief and insanity far and wide, by their professed revelations, until it is safe to say they have their basis in useful truth, or else the credulity of our age in cunning, baleful tricks, and phantoms of the imagination, was never surpassed.

The age is either super-superstitious, or the world is flooded with real impertinent ghosts, witches and spirits. We would sooner believe the former than the latter. The *prophets* and *mediums* of our day, with their second-sight, cataleptic fits, spiritual spasms and rigidities, are too like Mahomet in his cave, the Dervishes in the desert, the Chinese and Indian jugglers, and the oracular men of the Asiatic mountains, to allow us to doubt for a moment that, in all ages—for these marvels are not isolate in time or place—this divining, spirit-disturbing, or perceiving faculty, now monopolized by a few badly-organized persons, has been and is derivable from peculiar personal temperament, habits of life and thought, or some other agency compassed within the individuals who manifest it. Believing this, and feeling that harm is done to society while the principle of this "manifestation" is unexposed, we shall be thankful to whoever can open the now sealed door, and exorcise all rapping spirits from our midst.

THE WORST PAUPERISM.

Can there well be imagined a more shameful spectacle, than that of thousands of American citizens, who would be indignant if one doubted their honor, independence or respectability, rushing every four years to Washington, to pray the new President, like an army of mendicants, for some State support? Just look at it, and see of what pauper stuff our bravest political patriotism is made. From every quarter of the Union the throngs of beggars come—as though the national Capitol was but a vast alms-house—subsisting on the way either upon means of their own, or means borrowed from their friends.

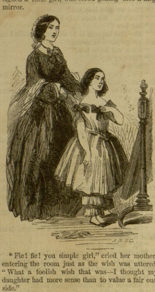
They all have the same story to tell. Each declares himself the most influential man of his region—beggar as he is—and asks that he may have some good fat office, for what? Not for anything done for his country, his family, his God, or humanity, but because he has gone deeper into the secret caucus, higher on the demagogue stump, and lower in filth of a thousand kinds, than any decent, conscientious man could go—to serve some party, based upon some idea, whose whole purpose was to stand as the centre of organization for such party.

Three-fifths of the claims to office—or a living at public expense—are no better than the one just described, and is not he a wretched pauper in spirit who can bend, and fawn, and pray for a public sop on such grounds—or on any grounds, so long as honest hands can earn an honest, manly living? It is bad enough as things are come to pass, to be *made* the recipient of a public living—to beg for one, ought to disfranchise a freeman. Yet what office, now-a-days, is left to be *given?* What office is not howled after, even as a pack of wolves howl upon the track of a dying stag?

WISHING TO BE PRETTY.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

"Oh! me! how I do wish that I was pretty," sighed a little girl, who stood gazing into a large mirror.



"Fie! fie! you simple girl," cried her mother, entering the room just as the wish was uttered. "What a foolish wish that was—I thought my daughter had more sense than to value a fair outside."

The child sank blushing and abashed from sight; and felt very much ashamed of herself all the day long.

But was the little creature to blame for wishing to be pretty? If her desire for beauty was that she might exult over her companions, and flaunt about like a proud and silly peacock, thinking all the time, "How much prettier *I* am than anybody else," then indeed was the wish one of which to be ashamed; but it is no disgrace to *any* person, whether large or small, to wish for that beauty which has the power of winning smiles, kind looks, and love. Why any mortal should be doomed to be *destitute* of this precious gift, is *one* of the mysteries; and the having missed it is a legitimate and reasonable cause of regret. Why children, or grown people either, should be considered foolish for desiring beauty is hardly *comprehendable*.

It is not easy to tell how any one born with all manner of contrary features may have them reduced to beauty; but let it be said, for the encouragement of their unfortunate possessors, that if they can contrive to be good-tempered and affectionate the outbeaming of such a disposition (even through cross-eyes, turned-up, or humped-backed nose, inch-high brow, or ten-inch mouth, and rail-fence teeth,) will inevitably gild their faces with a beauty far more attractive than that of the perfect features of the possessor of *a cold and selfish heart*. Who cannot think of rough and homely faces which, as a child once expressed it, have "a great deal of *sweetening*" in them? and who cannot think of very regular and beautiful ones that have no more of that attraction than a corn-cob has? When the beauty of an attractive and interesting expression is added to that of perfect features and complexion *what is there* that is is so charming? The owner of such a face ought to be glad and grateful for the gift; but wherefore *proud?* Let such beauty be owned and rejoiced in, as *the gift of God;* and let those on whom it is bestowed strive to be all the more humble, and gentle, and loving, because of it. Thus will it ever be a joy to look on them; for they will then be not unmeet suggestions of what we *all* may hope to be in Heaven. For the consolation of the homely ones, let us remember that it is *but for a season;* because, by-and-bye, "He shall change this vile body, and fashion it like *His* own glorious body;" and then "*we* shall be *like Him;* for we shall see Him as He is."

LABOR THE CREATOR OF WEALTH.

A novice in reflection would naturally consider the possession of inexhaustible money, gold and silver, as the greatest sign of wealth, national or individual. The false position money has been permitted to assume as a supplier of the necessities and luxurious tastes of society, has begotten the impression that money is the chief wealth. But, truly considered, how far this conclusion is from fact. Gold and silver bear but a mean relation to those wants of man upon which life depends; intrinsically they are, as an application to his temporal necessities, less valuable than the simplest weeds by the way-side. Can a man eat, or drink, or wear gold? But for the fictitious value allowed to it, what pleasurable impression would it produce on any of the senses more than any other shining substance?

The greatest wealth of a nation, or an individual, does not lie in temporal association or estate; but the greatest wealth of temporal association or estate, to both nations and individuals, consists in those elements by which the necessities of human life are most surely satisfied. To the wanderer famishing in the desert, the greatest treasure would have been food and drink; he cast pearls aside with disgust, praying they had been dates. The great temporal wants of men and nations are food and raiment, and especially food—deprive them of these, and all other possessions would be useless. The capacity to supply these wants, in spite of exigence, is a wealth and power which gold and silver never possessed. Real capital lies in labor, and labor brought in contact with the earth, in its various capacities, is the creator, as it should be the distributor and enjoyer of the most substantial of all temporal wealth.

THE BEST ORES

Though we get never so much gold, or precious stones, from our soil, we cannot find other mines so rich in general blessings to the country, as those which produce the "baser metals and materials," as they are called. A nation devoted to agriculture, commerce, and the arts, with a vast earth-surface to be developed by railroads, canals, foundries, factories, has a better wealth in mines of Iron, Coal, Lead and Copper, than in plentiful gold or diamonds. Pennsylvania, with her iron and coal mines, may feel herself positioned to compete with, and eventually triumph over, any equal surface of earth lacking those materials, though abounding in gold. With a disposition to industry and enterprise, a people can transmute iron and coal to gold, and the processes of labor, and the amount of labor required in those processes, will impart vigor and sturdiness, instead of the lassitude and vitiation that have followed every people employed for a long time in the search or gathering of gold.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A short time since a man named Corcoran who lived in Edgeworth, Massachusetts, commenced beating his wife on the back with the flat side of an axe, when their little girl, about eight years old, seized her pet kitten and ran with it to the neighbor's, saying she was afraid her father would kill it, as he was striking her mother. The neighbors at once ran to Corcoran's house, but arrived too late to save the poor mother, who was found lying dead upon the floor. Corcoran escaped, but officers were at once sent in pursuit of him.

There have been accounts in the daily papers within two weeks of the disappearance of no less than five girls under seventeen years of age, who left their homes on some accustomed errand, and have not been heard of since. Parents cannot exercise too much vigilance, if it be tempered with love and wisdom, over the associations of their daughters. No doubt every one of the girls above referred to has been coaxed from her home by some heartless villain.

A beautiful girl of seventeen, with a plump and symmetrical form, large liquid eyes, blooming cheeks, and seventy-five thousand dollars, lately eloped with a lover under twenty-one, from Xenia, Ohio. The girl's two aunts kept her shut up like a nun, and would permit her to see no male society, so of course she ran away with the first man who had wit enough to elude her jailers. The parties were married; and we hope the $75,000 will be used so judiciously as to give them a lasting competence.

Within a short time some twenty persons have been arrested in this city for passing counterfeit bank bills and bogus coin. There seems to be a large organization, comprizing women as well as men, for the purpose of pushing off these worthless commodities upon the ignorant and the unsuspecting. Parties in the city and in the country should exercise much caution in regard to the money they take of strangers.

Macaulay has given up the idea of continuing his history of England "down to a period within the memory of living men," as he at first announced, and will conclude it with the death of Queen Anne, the last of the Stuarts. He has discovered that to bring it down to the former period it would take him (at the rate he is going on) over ninety years, and he does not expect to live more than twenty years longer at the longest.

There was a terrible row in a low saloon in Cherry-street a few evenings since, on the occasion of a dog-fight. The respective backers of the animals became so excited that they "pitched in" to each other promiscuously, and not only broke each other's heads and noses, but also broke in pieces everything in the room.

The Union Bank of Frenchtown, N. J., some time ago commenced a suit against two men, for a malicious conspiracy to break the bank by presenting its bills for redemption in coin. The action was recently decided by the rendition of a verdict for one dollar damages in favor of the bank.

The merchants and capitalists of Washington have made up a subscription of $10,000 which they offer to any one who will explain the cause of the mysterious poisoning affair at the National Hotel in that city, which has resulted in the death of so many persons.

A few mornings since a man, two women, and a boy about ten years old, were found dead upon the Petersburg mountain, a few miles from Williamstown, Massachusetts. They each had a bottle of liquor, partially drained, by their side.

There seems to have been a large increase of alligators along the Red River this season if the accounts from that section can be relied upon. Why don't some ingenious person invent a use for these monsters, so as to turn them from a nuisance into a source of revenue?

A San Franciscan correspondent says Lynch law has become so common in the interior of California that a man has only to be suspected or accused of crime to be set upon by a lawless mob, and dragged from his home to a tragic and speedy death.

Many eminent clergymen of this city, belonging to various denominations, are at this time paying especial attention to the exposition of the immoral tendencies of the theatre.

All late accounts from Nicaragua concur in pronouncing the obituary of fillibusterism, and the members of the "Central American Army" are returning, worn out and diseased, to their homes to die.

During the period of fourteen weeks ending on Saturday, May 2nd, there was real estate sold in this city to the amount of $7,109,076. This gives an average of over half a million of dollars a week.

The London News gives an account of a child-murder by a mother, who committed the horrid deed for the sake of obtaining about eighty cents of the burial club in which the child was enrolled.

In the Court of Sessions in this city there are one hundred and six criminals docketed for trial during the May term.

A few days since, one of our morning papers had accounts of five recent murders, three of the victims being women, one of whom was murdered by her husband.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Fairly Caught.—Captain K., one of the shrewdest steamboat captains on the Mississippi, caught a Jeremy Diddler on board his boat one trip, and pinned him up in good style. It seems the fellow laid a traverse to get clear of paying his fare, and insisted to the clerk that he had paid, but had lost his ticket. "Whom did you pay to?" asked the clerk. "Why, he rather guessed it was the captain." So Captain K., was summoned to the conference. "Oh, yes, yes!" says Captain K., "it appears to me I do recollect. Let me see, you gave me a twenty-dollar bill?" "Yes," says Diddler, "I did." "And I gave you your change in half-dollars, didn't I?" "Yes," says Jeremy, "that's it—recollect it perfectly." "Very well," says Captain K., "I won't dispute your word for anything, but, if you please, *I should like to see the halves!*" The fellow was tripped when he least expected it. He could not produce the halves, and had to fork out his fare.

Women's Tongues.—In many country churches it is the custom to put the men on one side and the women on the other. One day, in the middle of the sermon, a monk heard some one talking; and this interruption disturbing him, he complained of it. A woman started up immediately, in hopes of vindicating her sex, and said: "However, reverend father, it is not on our side." "So much the better, my good woman, so much the better (answered the monk,) it will be sooner at an end."

"Why do you always walk with a stick?" said a gentleman the other day to his friend, on meeting him in the street; "excepting the old and infirm, I cannot help regarding those who make use of walking-sticks as idlers, or persons having nothing to do." "Now, I think quite the reverse," replied his friend, "for I look upon them as individuals of the most active and industrious character, who, you see, always like to have *something in hand.*"

A correspondent says, a short time since, as the organist of a certain church in this city, was luxuriating in some *extemporaneous* harmonies, at a most unmerciful *length*, a gentleman passing by at the time inquired of a churlish and extremely *unmusical* parishioner if he knew "What stop the player was using?" To which he replied, "There's no *stop* at all, I'm sorry to say, to this organ, as it has been going on just in this way for the last half hour."

Teaching a Foreigner to Speak English.—My friend, the foreigner, called on me to bid me farewell before he quitted the town, and on his departure he said: "I am going *at* the country." I ventured to correct his phraseology, by saying that we were accustomed to say, "going into the country." He thanked me for this correction, said he profited by my lesson, and added: "I will knock *into* your door on my return!"

A New Oil.—A miner in Wales who was selling quartz (or crystals as they are called,) was asked what was the best thing to clean them with He replied he hartly no vat tey callt it; he spoke bat Englis, but it vas some sort of *oil—O! filter oil*, (vitriol), tat vas it.

In the streets of Leicester one day, Dean Swift was accosted by a drunken weaver, who staggering against his reverence, said, "I have been spinning it out." "Yes," said the dean, "I see you have, and now you are reeling it home."

Machinery has reached a great state of perfection. We saw some burnt peas put into the hopper of a coffee-mill, the other day, and in less than two minutes they occupied a place in a grocery window, labelled "Fine old Mocha."

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing "sherry cobblers," has just issued a work in which he attempts to prove that by eating *hops* you will acquire a knowledge of waltzing. Queer old customer!

An eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher *A Treatise on the Hand*, which the bookseller declined, saying, "My dear sir, we have too many treatises on our hands already."

TO ONE I LOVE.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Long have I listened for thy trembling tone,
Oft do I sigh to gaze upon thy brow;
At twilight's hour of love I dream alone—
Stranger, sweet stranger, where—oh, where art thou?
Why wilt thou linger thus away from me?
Mine own, my bright one, let me look on thee.

Thy brow is pale, ay, strangely pale and proud;
Thy voice is music and thy heart is high;
Thy spirit's eagle-wing is all unbowed,
And love, deep love, is in thine earnest eye;
But does that eye shrine blue and dreamy light,
Or flash electric fire from gloom like night?

Is thy rich hair warm with a golden glow,
Or dark and heavy as the storm-cloud seems?
And does it wander in a wavy flow?
Most wildly worshipped idol of young dreams!
And is the lip whence such high words are shed
Proud with a classic curve or sweet with red?

Tell me, sweet stranger, where thy head finds rest;
When the wild wood-bird's weary wings are furled—
Oh, art thou clasped to some devoted breast,
Or art thou lonely in a crowded world?
Thou whom I love so deeply—thou, oh, thou
For whom my heart is beating sadly now.

Say, art thou floating on the storied seas,
Or by the Gaudalquiver or the Rhine,
Or mid wild winds that war with Alpine trees,
Or where Italia's stars above thee shine—
Or in mine own land?—but this could not be:
Wert thou thus near, might I not gaze on thee?

We have not met—alas! we may not meet
On this our earth—but I will give my love
To winds and birds and flowers, to bear a sweet,
Rich incense to thee here—and, oh, above,
Past night's deep blue and stars—mine, mine alone—
Thou'lt be mine *there*, sweet stranger, all mine own.

THE WIFE'S CONQUEST.

A TALE OF MYSTERY AND RETRIBUTION.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ERSKINE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

We closed the preceding chapter of our story with the expulsion from their island-home of Ambrose and Mary—victims of the slow but certain revenge of Mr. Shenstone. By depriving Ambrose of the privilege of following his trade of fishing, he hoped to reduce them to beggary: hence he had bought at a great price, the little island where they dwelt.

It was already star-light when the Sea Bird turned its rudder towards the island and left the little cove. It was the evening after we have seen our hero and his fair, pale wife in their room at the Inn counting together the lines of manuscript and of type.

"Which way shall I steer, Master Ambrose?" asked the old man Diggon, faithful to the last.

The question seemed to bring Ambrose to a full realization of his situation.

"God will direct. Let us sail before His wind! We look only to Heaven now."

"Oh, Ambrose, don't be so sad," said Mary, with a cheerful voice; "we will yet be happy. If you don't mind this wickedness of Mr. Shenstone, I don't. I have got you, and so long as he could not take you from me I am happy."

"Woman was surely given man for a comfort in adversity," said Ambrose. "Your light-heartedness makes me feel lighter. It was a cruel deed! But a bad man must have his revenge, though he wait long for it. But where shall we go? I know no other home!" he added heavily.

"Let's go to Vivien—to the city! They will gladly receive us."

"Vivien has no home of his own, and struggles to get bread for his own and wife's need. When I was in the city last month, I saw them. They tried to conceal from me their straits! But I could see that they did not have enough to eat—no—not enough to eat, and that all their little money went to pay their lodging; for they only lodged, and he bought and she cooked the hungry meals."

"Then we will go to them to work for them and help them. I can sew and toil, and you can get work, and we will all live together and be so happy."

"That is a happy thought."

"I don't like the looks of that blackish cloud in the sou'-east'ard," interrupted Diggon, looking in the direction he indicated.

"It looks a little as if we would have a blow by-and-by; but we will run into some cove if it comes to blow hard," answered Ambrose, and he then resumed and said, "a happy thought, wife! Four heads are better than two, and two of them so young and inexperienced as theirs. I will sell the Sea Bird in the city, and with the two hundred dollars I shall be able to get for it, we can rent a little tenement, and furnish it with what we have; and if Vivien is too proud to live on us, we can take a little board from him."

"Yes, and we'll make the favor all on our side! We'll tell them we have been turned out of our home and come to ask them for one."

"This is a good idea. Diggon, that cloud does not seem to move. I think we will have no blow to-night."

"The wind is fair for town, sir?"

"Then God sends us to the town. Put her dead before it."

"Aye, aye—helm's amid ships. We'll be there by midnight, or an hour after."

The island was now about a mile distant on the larboard beam, lying dark and indistinct upon the water, like the shape of a huge leviathan. But Mary and Ambrose recognized by the dim starlight every undulation and irregularity of its profile.

"I see a light in the cottage window!" she said with emotion.

"How often I have watched that window with the candle placed in it by your hand, Mary, to light me back home by night."

"How the window glares and shines! They must be building a large fire in the chimney."

"More than that! See, the flames jet out of the little lattice! The house is set on fire!"

"On fire!" gasped Mary, with clasped hands.

"Yes! see the forked tongues thrust themselves out of the windows now! Our enemy has deceived us! He has not rented the house to the man who came with him, but he has set it on fire. Look at the lurid and blood-red smoke curl over the roof! See how the fire shines along the water!"

"My poor cottage! My dear home! My happy home! It is as if the whole world were burning up, when I see that burning, Ambrose!"

"We must bear it patiently. God orders all things. It is good for us to have this grief to bear, I doubt not. So let us be submissive. See what a bright conflagration our enemy has enkindled! See how his fierce anger burns! Happy are we that our lives are not in his hands! What! tears, my poor Mary! Oh, fie! Don't let this make you weep. My indignation scalds and dries up my tears as a heated stove burns up the drops of rain that fall on it. Let us take courage. The house was no longer ours. He has destroyed not ours but his own."

"But we have lived so many years there, Ambrose!" and Mary wept more and more as the flames rose higher and higher, lighting up the whole island, and sending its glare far out upon the sea. The sail of the vessel looked crimson in its reflection, and every rope was visible by its light. At length it smouldered and went out, and the sea and the land were re-enveloped in darkness.

"That was a deed worthy of Robert Kidd," said old Diggon. "The pirates who once lived on that island could have served us no worse."

"Revenge is crueller than piracy," answered Ambrose. "But we must forgive as we all hope to be forgiven. How is the wind?"

"Hauling to the east'ard, Master Ambrose!"

"The cloud has come pretty well up into the sky. But I hope we will reach the city before it blows hard!"

The vessel dashed onward at seven knots, and left a wake of phosphorescent light far astern. Mary wept herself asleep on the shoulder of her husband. The Sea Bird passed through Hurl-gate with velocity, and not without wild motion, and sped onward like a real sea-bird seeking her nest. The East looked ominous, and betokened an advancing tempest. Diggons from time to time watched the great cloud with a suspicious eye.

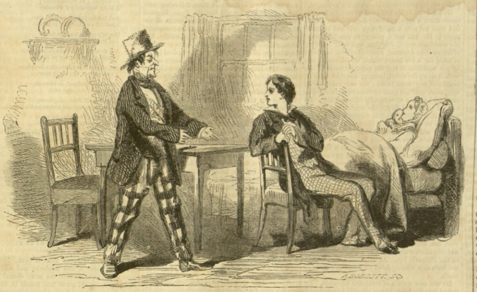
"That is an ugly bank of clouds, Master Ambrose!" he said, turning his quid in his jaw.

"I don't much like it. But we will be in port in two hours!"

"It is not likely to wait for us. It will be upon us in an hour."

"We will then run in under the land and anchor."

For half-an-hour the vessel sailed on with the wind free on the larboard quarter, and drew near the Island of Prisons. Dark and gloomy towered the massive stone-walls beneath the stars, and silence and an atmosphere of terror seemed, to Ambrose's imagination, to hang over the spot.


A. BOBBETT, SC.

THE LANDLORD OF THE BINNACLE INN WANTS TO KNOW "WHAT'S TO BE DONE?"

The wind suddenly ceased to blow after the Sea Bird had left this island of woe astern. The experience of Ambrose warned him that this calm was but the forerunner of a gale. The heavens were two-thirds covered with the cloud that had been slowly climbing up from the East. Two-thirds of the stars were blotted out by it. Its vast massive edge overhung the vessel like the brow of a beetling cliff. The little vessel rocked lightly on the water, her sails idly flapping.

"We had best take to our sweeps and pull in under the land," said Ambrose. "There will be a fierce blow soon."

But scarcely had he spoken when the night became suddenly impenetrably dark. The cloud had, as if at a leap, spanned the whole heavens, and the roar of the distant wind reached their ears.

"It is coming upon us, mate," said Ambrose to the old man; and dropping the oar he had taken, he sprang to the halyards and lowered the foresail, which he rapidly close-reefed. He did the same for the mainsail. Scarcely had he tied the last reef-points ere the water to the east was white with foam. He waked Mary and assisted her into the little cuddy or cabin, which he covered with a piece of the furniture that lumbered the decks.

In another moment the gale was upon them. The helm was put up and the Sea Bird was blown before it, half-buried under the surface, which it ploughed with a loud roar. The storm came from the east, and drove them up the East river with alarming velocity. Twice Ambrose tried to bring her to, but without success. It was so dark he could not see the land on either shore. Side by side with Diggon, at the helm, he steered, as well as they were able, in the middle of the stream. As they drew near the port their escapes were marvellous from contact with vessels anchored in the stream, and others which dragged their anchors and lay tossing across their wild track. The lights of the city soon became visible through the darkness, but each moment the gale increased in fury.

"If we escape shipwreck either on shore or against some of those vessels, it will be because we sail in a charmed craft," said Diggon.

"In a little while we shall be up with the Hook, and we will try to get shelter under its lea," answered Ambrose; nevertheless he was anxious for the result. Mary still slept in the cuddy unwaked by the roar of wind and waves, the rattling of cordage and the tramp on deck.

As the storm grew in violence Ambrose began to tremble for their safety, and awoke his wife.

"We are in the midst of as fierce a gale, Mary, as I ever was out in! The night is dark as pitch. Vessels are all around us, and shores on both sides enclose us, and we are driving like mad, I can scarcely tell where. You must be on deck and have your wits about you, dear wife; for we may all have to struggle for our lives! Any moment we may go to the bottom!"

Mary in a moment stood by his side clinging to him. She was appalled by the scene. The thunder peals deafened her! The lightning which almost blinded her eyes revealed to her the great peril of the Sea Bird, driving along in a narrow strait filled with vessels driven hither and thither by the gale. She clasped her hands and prayed for the safety of her husband!

"Let us hope, Mary. We are now nearly up with Corlear's Hook. Once opposite to it we can run under the land, and shall be safe!"

But the fate of the ancient vessel was that night to be sealed. Old and made up of repairs she was unable to cope with the storm, and began to leak in every seam. She sunk deeper and deeper and could not be steered. Ambrose with oars tried to pull towards the land. The Sea Bird, after a struggle, sunk first at the stern and then at the bows, and went bodily down a quarter of a mile from the land. Ambrose, Mary, and Diggon were left floating upon the tossed surface of the water, amid their swimming furniture. The fisherman grasped a table and made his wife cling to it, while he assisted to support her, for he was a good swimmer. Diggons floated upon the hatchway. The storm blowed them swiftly before it, and in a quarter of an hour they were cast upon the shore among the rocks.

Ambrose happy to save his beloved wife, drew her upon the dry land, and the old man followed.

"So I save you, Mary, I care not for all the rest," he said, embracing his brave wife, who kept her self-possession through all.

"The Sea Bird is gone, and I might as well be drowned to," growled old Diggon, as he shook the water out of his jacket. "That craft and I have been for seventeen years like mother and child! I would as lief lose my old mother!"

"Never mind it, Diggon! It is God's will! In one night I have lost home, house and vessel, furniture, and all that I have! But my wife is safe; and I am a happy man! Let us try and get some place to shelter her; for the storm will not soon blow itself out." Here Ambrose suddenly groaned as if with pain.

"Are you hurt, husband?" asked Mary, with a tone of alarm.

"No—no—I believe not. It is nothing. I believe a floating spar was knocked against my shoulder by the waves. It will——" Here he uttered a deep groan in spite of an evident effort to suppress it.

"You are hurt, Ambrose!"

"Well—not much. I believe, wife, I am a little. But let us seek a house!"

He spoke cheerfully and drew her on with him. The flashes of lightning revealed to them a small building not far off by the shore. This they reached with difficulty, the wind was so strong, and Ambrose suffered so greatly with his shoulder. The cabin was occupied by an aged African, who gave them the shelter they required.

From him they learned that they were wrecked four miles east of the city. In the morning Ambrose found that his arm above the elbow was broken, and that fever was upon him. As the old black man went up to town every day in a skiff with fish, he offered to take them. This offer Mary compelled Ambrose to accept, and they were landed by Mary's directions at the foot of the lane that led to the "Binnacle Inn," which was kept by a cousin of Ambrose.

The host received his relative with hospitality, and at once sent for a surgeon to examine his arm. Vivien and Isabel were overwhelmed with grief when they learned from their own lips all that they had, within twenty hours, suffered. The surgeon set the arm for poor Ambrose, and recommended quiet and serenity. Vivien and his wife took them both into their own room, and made Ambrose occupy their only bed. They thought not of themselves, but only how to make those so dear to them forget their great griefs.

"We hoped, Vivien," said Ambrose, apologetically, after the surgeon left, "we hoped to help you—but now we are a burden to you! I calculated to sell the Sea Bird for two hundred dollars, and we would share the money—but——"

"But she is gone, and you must not think more about it," answered Isabel, with a smile. "We don't rejoice at your loss, but we rejoice at our gain! We can have you now both with us all the time!"

"And so happiness comes to us," said Vivien. "You protected me, my dear friends, in my childhood, and now I will return the good deed."

"And yet you can scarcely feed yourselves," said Mary, through her tears.

"I will work the harder! I will write more! I will see that you want nothing, my more than parents!"

The landlord on the third day came into the room to see how his cousin was. Now mine host was a lover of money; and he believed more in bank bills than in blood! Cousins were very good sort of people, but cousins must pay in an inn, was his opinion. So, after asking after the welfare of Ambrose, he took Mary aside and said,—

"Lost all, did you?"

"Yes, all, cousin."

"Saved nothing?"

"Only our lives and what we had on."

"No money?"

"Not any, cousin."

"Bad—*very* bad!" And the landlord shook his square, black head, gravely. "And Ambrose with a broken shoulder! Doctor says he can't get well under two months!"

"*So* long?"

"Yes, and perhaps longer. Now who is to pay the doctor?"

"I will work!"

"But who is to pay his board and yours?"

"I will work harder still!"

"Make shirts at fifteen cents a day, I suppose? That will never pay a tithe. Would keep you for nothing if I could; but can't live without room-rent."

"I pay you, sir, six dollars for my two rooms," said Vivien, suddenly appearing by Mary's side. "If I choose to let my friends occupy them with me, you cannot object—and it will cost them no more!"

"That as you please! But you will all starve! You have but crackers and herring now, and this addition will starve you all four!"

"That is our look-out!"

"Well and good! If you choose to live there, two in a room, and feed yourselves, and pay me my six dollars a week, I have nothing to say," and Boniface left.

This arrangement continued for several weeks. Mary and Isabel, by their joint needles, improved their fare, and were even able to purchase a few little delicacies to tempt Ambrose's palate, as he was slowly convalescing. Poor they indeed were, and suffering many privations, but they were happy, being united in heart and sympathy, and in love.

One evening after dark, Vivien came in with a smile upon his face. Ambrose was still in bed, and could sit up propped by a pillow. Mary was engaged making a pot of coffee. Isabel was trying to finish a little slip of infantile size. They all saw the smile on Vivien's fine countenance, usually so pale and grave. Grave, because all his efforts could not command means to maintain four. Two of his late articles had been rejected because they contained thoughts or reflections that the editor's views did not wholly sympathize with.

"Why could he not have drawn his pen over the objectionable sentence," said Isabel, "and still published them?"

"I give him liberty to do so. But publishers are arbitrary. The article was sent back, and we—you know how *we* endured privation for three days, until I could, by sitting up all night, coin out of my poor brain another, yet doubtful whether this would be accepted. Oh, the dreadful trade of authorship! When shall I find time to complete my law-studies, Isabel? Every hour is now occupied in writing for bread!"

This conversation took place the morning of the day he now appears smiling.

"You have sold the story?" asked Isabel, earnestly.

"Yes, and he has paid me for it seven dollars and thirty-five cents—for it measured exactly so much," he added, with a slight expression of irony. "I shall now be able to let Ambrose have an orange, and you some necessary articles, and Mary medicine for the pain in her side, and pay our landlord's week's rent, six dollars!"

And this caused the smile! This paltry sum in the eyes of the rich, made four persons happy; gave an orange to cool a sick man's fever, bought a little linen for an infant's robe, relieved the pain in the side of poor Mary, who had worn herself out with anxiety and nursing of Ambrose, kept a roof over their head, and bought them bread and coffee! Yet with all this destitution love shone like a sunbeam in all their hearts. Vivien let no idle moment pass. At a table in a corner of the window he commenced another article at a dollar a column. What with writing steadily hour after hour, what with his abstemious meals, for all of them lived on his little earnings, in daily privation and a semi-fast, he looked ill and pale as a consumptive. Daily, too, he looked for the confinement of his wife, and he groaned in heart to reflect that she would be in need then of so many comforts, that he would coin his heart to supply. Mary was growing feebler, and a greater sufferer daily from long watching and solicitude, and the close air, so different from the pure open air of her island home. At length one morning she could not get up. She complained of pain in the head. Vivien felt her pulse and found it bounding with a burning fever. Here, then, Providence had placed on his hands invalids, the two persons he loved most, next to his wife, on earth! And Isabel herself was far from well; but tried to smile and look cheerful. Vivien closely clasped his brows for a moment after taking his finger from his foster-mother's wrist. His face wore an expression of despair—of utter hopelessness. He walked away and gazed out into the street. Not one of the hundred passers-by did he know. He was a stranger—an orphan—dependent from a child on strangers—and with no relative on whom he could have the least claim. All who cared for him were now cast upon *his* care helpless. Even his having studied with Mr. Burr was against him, and lawyers who otherwise would have received him, treated coldly his applications to study with them. He began to fear and dislike the faces of men! He had no resource but his pen, and but one magazine that would pay him. It is true Isabel had written a noble poem of a hundred lines, full of genius and feeling, which at her request Vivien had taken to his publisher, who, reading it, said,—

"We have drawers full of poetry! We can get it for nothing. But I will give you a dollar for this."

"A cent a line?" exclaimed Vivien, with indignation.

"I can offer no more!"

Need has no resort but submission. The dollar was accepted; the poem was published, and repeated in type in three months, in three hundred papers throughout the land, with the inquiry, "Who is the author of this exquisite gem?"

A day or two passed, and that most helpless of all earthly cries, the wail of a new-born babe, was heard in the Binnacle Inn. Vivien embraced his child with a sad smile. Four dependent and helpless ones looking to the labor of his brain. He felt as if he shouled despair! His heart was torn with anguish at the reflection that Isabel must be deprived of every comfort. He went out and visited, one after another, seven editors' rooms, and asked if they would pay him for short city articles.

"No—we have our corps of correspondents and local writers complete."

"I have no alternative but to beg for her!" passed through the mind of the young author, as he walked slowly homeward; for he had no money at all; and money is not to be picked up in the street, let a poor man traverse them never so far, and never so long with eyes downcast.

On the opposite side of the way three gilt balls over a low, sunken, gloomy door-way, caught his eyes. Beneath was a sign which read—

"MONEY LOANED ON DEPOSITS
of
JEWELRY, AND BOOKS, AND APPAREL."

He stopped and read and re-read thoughtfully the words. His face suddenly brightened up.

"It must be done!" he said, impressively. "I must part with it! Only for Isabel would I consent to the sacrifice! It is possible I may redeem it! If not—God's will be done! If I am to discover my parentage, Heaven will bring it about without this clue, which I have so long and so sacredly preserved."

As he spoke he entered the obscure pawn-broker's shop, and taking from his neck the gold chain which he had worn next to his heart, he removed the locket of the lady, and extending with a burning cheek, and a sense of shame and sorrow, the golden links, he demanded, almost fiercely,—

"I wish money! What will you give me on this pledge?"

The Jewish money-dealer took it and examined it, first balanced it in his palm, then weighed it in a pair of scales; and answered after a moment's calculation,—

"I giv twenty-one dollar!"

"I will take it!"

"For how long?"

"Six months!"

"Very well."

The money was paid to our hero over the counter, and a ticket given to him, by which on repaying the money with twenty per cent. interest, within six months, he could receive his chain again.

"At least Isabel will be made more comfortable, and no longer suffer for the nourishment her situation requires," he said, cheerfully, as he walked rapidly homeward to communicate to her his joy.

CHAPTER XI.

Vivien, holding closely the gold in his hand which he had received from the Israelite, had nearly reached the Binnacle Inn, when, as he was passing along a narrow street, a woman stopped him and said earnestly,

"Sir, who ever you are, come in and see a poor lady who is sick and destitute of everything."

"Who is she?" asked Vivien, keenly alive to the voice of need.

"A French milliner! She has rented a room over mine for two years; but for three months she has been sick, and all her earnings are gone; and I am too poor to help her. She wants a doctor for she has a fever. Poor lady—she never complains—but—sir——" Here the woman lowered her voice as she added, "I fear she is dying of starvation."

"Of starvation?"

"Bless you, sir! This is a great city—with half a million mouths to feed, and a million of hands to find work for—and it must not be a wonder that some hands are idle and some mouths are empty."

"True enough! I know the truth of what you say, well!" answered Vivien. "I will go upstairs and see her!"

"Heaven will reward you, sir! I have seen you often go by here, sir, and made bold to stop you; seein' you had a kind-face-like. Take care of that loose plank! Now, sir! There is a rickety step—the stair-way is rather old and crooked! But poor people can't choose."

Vivien followed her to a floor in which opened three doors. One of these was ajar. The woman softly approached and pushing it open, said,

"I've brought a good gentleman to see you, ma'am."

"You are very kind, madame!" answered a low, sweet and refined voice. By the educated tone Vivien perceived that she was a lady. But on entering the neat but lowly apartment he saw a pale and beautiful woman about eight and thirty years of age reclining on a settee. Her features were singularly noble and femininely chiselled. Her face was without color, and her large black eyes shone lustrously beneath a brow as deadly white as marble. Her hands were thin and transparent as wax. A slight color affused her cheek as Vivien entered. She saw at a glance that he was a gentleman, though his once broadcloth coat was well worn to poverty's napless and shining bombazine. She half raised herself to receive him. He approached with delicacy and sympathy.

"Madame, I am sorry to hear you are ill! I regret that fortune frowns on you. You are French as well as in need of aid, and by both have claims on me. Please take this little gift. It is all my own needs can now spare. I will come and see you again! Pardon me now! I have others near and dear to me who wait my returning footsteps.

He laid a two dollar and a half gold piece upon her pillow. Pressed her hand, which she gratefully extended to him, and wondered at the earnest, almost wild gaze she fastened upon him, like one who is suddenly waked from a dream and gazes upon the waker with bewildered looks.

"The lady has no disease—[illegible] want of food—of nourishment," he said to the woman who accompanied him down stairs. "I know the expression of inanition well. See that she has broths and wine! I will come again, for somehow I am deeply interested in her. Her face seems to be one I have before seen—perhaps in a dream only. What is her name?"

"Madame Pontoise! She has been a milliner in the city some years, sir; but her eyes and health failing she could not sew at night, and so they dismissed her; and she hired this room and worked with such taste that every body liked her bonnets. But she became almost blind and then her health grew bad, and she lived so by herself and told nobody (for she has all the pride of a true born lady that will die before it will make known that it is in want,) how she needed till I guessed it. But what could I do, sir! I can scarcely get a living from hand to mouth for myself and three children with my bit shop; but I sent her up what I could!"

"Heaven will reward you," answered Vivien. "I beg you will do all you can for the poor lady. I feel a strange interest in her! She is from France, and, *I* am from France also!" he added with a look of pride.

"How singular, sir, that the first person I should call in should be her own countryman. Yet you speak English so perfect."

"I am an American, too! I was fostered and educated here—but good evening. You will soon see me again.

"Heaven bless his handsome face and noble heart," said the woman, as he left her

In a few minutes Vivien reached the Inn. He displayed with a mysterious pleasure his money, and then, after enjoying the surprise of all there, he told them how he had obtained it, and also how he had given a part of it to a lovely and interesting invalid—a French lady whom he had seen in great need.

"I do not regret the chain," he said, "for it will never do any greater good than it has now done. I can now get you jelly, fruit, toast, good green tea, you love so well, dear wife; and oranges for Ambrose."

He now went out and obtained every luxury he felt that his beautiful wife required, and poured the contents of his pockets and bundles on the table. How much happiness a little money brings to the wretched! How immortals, men and women created to live forever and ever in glorious worlds beyond the stars, can be made to rejoice by means of a few coins of gold and silver dug out of the earth's mines. Thus is spirit eternal dependent upon *matter!* the happiness of beings made in the image of God secured by "the image and superscription" of the State stamped on metal. If the four individuals who occupied the two six dollar small rooms in Binnacle Inn, had passed into Heaven their spirits could hardly have borne more joy than that with which the possession of eighteen dollars and a half filled them! Oh, ye rich men! who have money and thereby power to make happy those who need! Why are ye blind! How is it that you do not understand what a world of joy is hidden under the ring of your hoarded dollars! How is it that you do not comprehend the *power* of money—that it makes its possessor like God—but *only* like God—when good is done with it!

What happiness is there to be conceived by man equal to that of making to smile the face of penury and filling the heart of need with joy! Riches confer upon the possessor almost a divine power! and he who does not use this power to make happiness increase on earth, has a fearful account to render to him who "gives men power to get wealth."

Eighteen dollars soon melt away where four, nay *five*, (for we must not forget the lovely babe) have hourly demands upon it. Vivien's last article was rejected. It was considered by the editor too morbid in its tone! But how can a starving man write brilliantly! Yet, like the broken-hearted stage-player, he must play comic characters, though his wife lay dead at home—play or starve! The world must be amused! The world pays its dollar at the box-office, its three dollars subscription to a magazine, and must be amused. All of which is inevitable and right, though hard on the needy author. The gold was gone which was obtained on the chain. Nothing remained but the miniature, and his rejected story. But who else would take the story? He knew no other publisher. The miniature was his only resource. Ambrose, Mary, Isabel and all in bed dependent on him. His wife tried to encourage him. Days passed, and he saw her sinking for want of healthy food; he saw—oh, despair! his lovely infant boy, just in his sixth week, beginning to smile, saw him growing thin for want of maternal nourishment. But how should the mother yield life when its sources were drying up in her heart?

One night Vivien sat with his face covered by his hands by his wife's bed-side. He was utterly at a loss. Every source failed him! His story, written with a pen of tears, was refused! He had no resource but to pledge the miniature. He had long resisted. He had a secret belief that it was that of his unknown mother. But his wife was dearer than this locket. He resolved to pledge it! It was a crisis! He had no money. Ambrose was worse. Mary was not able to raise her head! His wife was silently suffering; she had two lives to sustain, and Vivien could not give her bread for one life—her own. Poor young man! He felt like yielding to despair! He felt like laying down by the side of his wife and child and dying, the three together.

"Beg—*beg*—no I cannot!" he cried with anguish.

The landlord had waited three weeks for his money. He came up and demanded it.

"I have none," answered Vivien, firmly.

"Then you must all leave. I cannot make my house a poor house and hospital! Go—to-day!"

"You shall be obeyed!"

But whither go? Vivien knew not! He only knew he could no longer remain there? But how so? How lift and take away the sick—and where bestow them? His brain reeled. He rose up and hurried to the Jew's. He placed the locket on the counter before him and be cried,

"Money?"

The locket was set with pearls and rubies. The Jew carefully examined the setting.

"Fifty dollars," he said, knowing it was worth ten times that!"

"Give it to me!"

The money was counted out and Vivien fled homeward. He paid his landlord—and he was permitted to remain. They had now a breathing space for a month. Ambrose grew better and could walk about the room. Mary convalesced slowly. Isabel began to recover her health, and roses bloomed on the cheeks of the babe. All this with fifty dollars!

But fifty dollars (we are telling an o'er true tale, dear reader,) does not last always. The last dollar was expended with the closest economy in six weeks; and then want looked in at the broken window panes. Ambrose, generous and grateful, by trying to use his arm too soon in work, had a recurrence of fever, and Mary had not fully recovered. She was evidently in a consumption. The exile from her home, the loss of her house, the shipwreck and the subsequent confinement in a close room, her scanty food, with her anxiety for Ambrose, had broken her spirits and health. Isabel was now able to be about the room and resume her needle; but her face and fragile form showed that she had not enough food; and the babe looked wan and ill.

"It is the last hope! I will take this manuscript and see if he will buy it."

It was a tale of considerable length, the writing of it having occupied all his time, during the six weeks, not spent in attending the sick. He was unsuccessful. He must write another.

"Another?" murmured Vivien as he slowly left the office. "Another? And what certainty have I that another would be taken! Besides it would take me a long time—and my heart bleeding and my brain on fire—and in the interim what shall we all do for bread!"

He re-entered his home with a gloomy brow and a heavy heart. The three read his disappointment plainly written upon his face.

"Never mind, my dear husband, we will yet find some way to provide.'

"I know none! But I must work! I must try and write again! You will perish else—and may perish ere the price comes in—should it be bought."

He sat down to his table and wrote for a few moments down a page, suddenly dashed down his pen and went out with a rapid step. He had no more paper! He had not a penny to purchase any! He could not write, therefore, and with a feeling of desperation departed, resolved to seek some sort of labor for a few hours which would enable him to get sufficient to buy the paper he needed. He walked on up the street, looking about to see if he could find any work to do. He was ready to do any labor. He had gone up three squares when he saw that two men were rapidly following him. He stopped and so did they. He went on and they resumed their walk. He felt annoyed—and being nervous he felt alarmed. He was in debt to his landlord and he feared that they were officers. They looked, however, like foreigners. He resolved to avoid them and turned into a lane; but they hurried on and still kept him in view. At last he stopped and desperately resolved to wait for them. They came on—slowly passed him—eyed him keenly and then repassed him in the same way. He himself stood with his arms folded with a defiant and angry air, and expecting he knew not what.

"Perhaps," thought he, "they are emissaries from Mr. Shenstone, and are sent to take my life—or to ascertain, by following, me where Isabel is!"

He therefore resolved to avoid them and prevent this discovery. He passed through a store and into another street, and by a long detour reached the Binnacle Inn. As he entered the door he saw both men coming down the street in a hackney coach.

He was now certain of some evil intention. He rushed into the room where his wife was and said,

"There is evil of some kind threatening us! We are watched! See those two foreign-looking men alighting from the hack! They have dogged my steps the whole forenoon! They now enter the Inn? Let us try and prepare for the worst! Ah, madame—you here! I did not see you! Pardon me!"

This exclamation was addressed to the French lady whom Vivien had assisted, and who was now so far recovered as to come and thank him and return to him the money he had given her.

"No—I gave it, madame! I am rejoiced you are looking so well. I cannot take it!"

"Your dear wife has taken it already—so you have no word to say," answered the French lady smiling. "Bon Dieu! Had I known you were all suffering so, I would not so long delay. I make plenty money the last month making the new style bonnet!"

"Madame, will you tell me," demanded Vivien who had been standing regarding her, "where I have seen you before? Your face from the first haunts me!"

"And do you not recollect her?" said Isabel with a smile lighting up her pale face as she looked archly at her husband. "I recollected her in a moment!"

"Madame Eugenie!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"Yes!"

"I do recollect you now! I have not seen you since you were nearly drowned by the sinking of the boat, fifteen years ago! How strange to meet all of us *here*, and *now*, and *thus!*"

"You have suffered as well as I! But let us hope better days! I don't mean to leave Isabel, my dear pupil; and mean to help you get all well again!"

"But, madame——"

"Well, what seems to perplex you still! Do you doubt if it is me! I know I am greatly altered. Do you know I was puzzled to know where I had seen you when you came in and so charitably relieved my needs! After I got better and got to doing something I resolved to find you out; and by sending some one to follow you I found where you lived!"

"And then these men—these two men! You did not send them?"

"No——"

Here was a loud knock at the door. Vivien started. So did Isabel! Famished, nervous, in the last stage almost of debility and want, the least sound alarmed them.

Madame Eugenie was the only one who had courage to open the door.

At it appeared mine host of the Binnacle Inn and in the back-ground the two men who had dogged Vivien's steps.

"Master Falconer," said the landlord, "here be two men who want to say a word with you. They are not satisfied at what I tell them that your name is V. Falconer; and want to ask for themselves. I tell them you will give 'em just the same answer, and they'll be no wiser."

One of the men now advanced. He was a man fifty-six years of age, stout and well made, with a handsome foreign visage, and grey hair mixed with his long black locks. His companion was a short, rougher-looking man, with the air and dress of a French merchant captain; he was at least sixty years old.

No sooner had Madame, or as she was usually called Mademoiselle Eugenie, fixed her eyes on the face of the first man than she uttered a half shriek and turned pale as marble, while her gaze remained fixed upon him with strange fear and wonder.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the tall gray-haired man, addressing himself politely to Vivien; "but we should esteem it a favor if you would inform us if your name is Falconer?"

"Without doubt? Here is my step-father and mother."

"Pardon me, but were you born in this country?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I have an important end in view, monsieur! Have the complaisance to answer my inquiries!"

"But first, will you explain why you followed me so closely for hours to-day!"

"With pleasure. But are you sure that you are not French?"

"I believe sir, I am French!"

The two strangers exchanged glances of intelligence and satisfaction.

"Do you know who your parents are? You called these worthy persons your *step*-parents."

"I do not know my real parents."

"And believe you were born in France?"

"Of that I am quite sure! But may I ask why you put these extraordinary interrogations to me?"

"With Pleasure. A noble house in France, one of the most ancient and chivalrous, finds itself to-day without an heir to its vast estates and high rank. The head of the house is a solitary old man and desires to atone to a child whom he has wronged. That child, a lad of three or four years of age was with his mother the marchioness, repudiated by the marquis and banished together to England. But there the child was designedly separated from the mother, and brought to America. The marquis did this deed, he now repents of, because he loved a lady besides his beautiful wife, and in order to marry her annulled his first marriage—exiled his beautiful wife and her lovely boy, and gave his hand and rank to the usurping bride! But the latter and three sons born to him are all now dead; the marquis, old and bed-ridden, repents his crimes against his first and only real wife and son, and has sent us in search of them, following their trace closely as we could find it. From England we have come to this city. The captain of the ship who brought the lad is here, and accompanies me, that we may recognize him if he is alive. The marchioness, whom the marquis desires to restore to honor as his lawful wife, we fear is dead! We traced her as a governess under the name of Mademoiselle Eugenie and then as a milliner; but we learn that she died of want a few months since in an obscure house in this city. But we had every reason to believe that the boy lived in the city. That he was not drowned the captain afterwards learned from his mate, (who loved the child,) who told him him he saw him rescued from the water and safely placed in a fishing vessel that was near at the time!"

"That was me! It was my vessel!" exclaimed Ambrose, raised on his elbow, listening with breathless interest to the narrative of the stranger. "Vivien is then to find his father at last, and to be a great lord! I always knew it!"

Here, at the request of the French captain, Ambrose gave a full account of the rescue of the lad.

"Then we have found, without doubt, whom we seek," said the stranger. "And no stronger proof need be asked than that, when we saw you this morning after weeks' search in the city, we both exclaimed, 'There he is! The very resemblance of the marquis at his age.' So, monsieur, we followed you, resolved to ascertain, without being too rude, *who* you were. We knew you would be about yonr present age, and your likeness to your father was too wonderful for us to be mistaken. See his miniature!"

The stranger then placed in Isabel's hand a locket, the very counterpart in setting of the one Vivien had left with the Jew.

"It is like my husband himself!" she exclaimed. "You must be the one these men seek, dear Vivien!' she cried, with gushing joy.

"I had a locket and a chain! I would produce these but——" Here Vivien stopped and colored.

"They are pawned," said Ambrose. "These gentlemen will get them if they wish to make the proof clear."

"By all means! At what value?"

Vivien named the sum. They placed a purse of gold in his hand. With strange joy and repressed excitement he left the room to recover the articles, which might afford certain proof of his identity.

He had hardly closed the door when Madame Eugenie, who had listened like one in a dream up to this moment, advanced to the stranger, and said,—

"Francois Cussac, do you not know me?"

"What?" he cried, staring her in the face. "The marchioness living? Then have we made our princely fortunes, Capitaine!"

"Yes. I am the Marchioness Louise de Pontoise. Years and suffering have changed me!"

"Not but that we know thee! This is good news. This will rejoice the heart of my lord!"

"I forgive all—all—so that I may see my son restored to his rights. Isabel! Do you know what joy fills my soul! Your husband is my son! Oh, what a day Heaven has made this to us all! There is no doubt. Vivien is my long lost son! It was a good and merciful Heaven that brought us together!"

In a few moments Vivien re-appeared. He placed the locket and gold chain in the hands of M. Cussac, his father's steward.

"Yes. These are the same!"

"The very same the lad had on his neck when he leaped overboard from my vessel," added the captain. "There can be no doubt."

"This likeness, monsieur," said M. Cussac, "is that of your mother. There, behold her and embrace her!"

"Vivien, behold your mother!" cried Madame Eugenie. "This chain and locket I, your mother, placed about your neck!"

"My *mother!* Yes! It is my mother! It is my childhood's memory of my mother that made me feel that I had seen you. My heart told me before we were in sympathy, and now I understand the mysterious feeling that made your dear image haunt me. Heaven has surely created this hour for us—to bless us."

It would be in vain to say and describe all the words, and feelings, and looks, and scenes of joy that now followed. Doubt of the identity of Vivien with the lost heir, and of the marchioness with the banished wife, did not once arise. M. Cussac and the captain evinced their full confidence in the complete success of their mission, by at once placing in our hero's hands a thousand dollars for present use, by removing them to a hotel, Ambrose and Mary with them, and by making preparations for their departure in the next steamer for Havre.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

THE GUILTY THE FIRST TO ACCUSE.

It may be observed, perhaps without exception, that none are so industrious to detect wickedness, or so ready to impute it, as they whose crimes are apparent and confessed. They envy an unblemished reputation, and what they envy they are busy to destroy: they are unwilling to suppose themselves meaner, and more corrupt than others; and therefore willingly pull down from their elevations those with whom they cannot rise to an equality. No man was ever yet wicked without secret discontent; and, according to the different degrees of remaining virtue, or unextinguished reason, he either endeavors to reform himself, or corrupt others; either to regain the station which he has quitted, or prevail on others to imitate his defection

◆

THE FATE OF THE ADMIRED.—It often happens, that those who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at last in the ground without the common honor of a stone; because by those excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged; and, though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them.

◆

ALL LOVE IS GOOD.—The attachment of anything in this cold, calculating world is worth something. The caress of a dog—the mute expression of welcome in the bright, full eye of a favorite horse—the pur of a common house-cat—are all links in our chain of sympathies, and help to soften and enlarge our hearts.

A MEMORY OF MAY.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

The fields were white with the clover bloo
And the air a-faint with rose perfumes;

And the blossoms blushed on apple-trees,
And the robin's song was on the breeze,

And over the earth the robe of May
Was thrown with the tints it wears to-day.

But clover fields and odorous air,
Though both were sweet and one was fair,—

And apple-blossom and song of bird,
By me were scarcely seen or heard,

For under the spreading maple tree
My true-love sat and talked with me.

No pilgrim I, to ruined shrine;
A living hope and joy was mine;

And like the knights of olden time,
I paid my sweet devoirs in rhyme.

The lady gently bent her head,
And low, sweet words in answer said;

And thus our vows were said that day
Beneath the smiling sky of May.

And all our hours since then have been
A transcript of that sunny scene,

When hope unclosed, as roses do,
Revealing to our eager view

The mirror of the coming hours,
In sunshine robed and crowned with flowers.

Low at our feet the passing years
Their argosy of hopes and fears

Have left; but still our hearts are young,
As when the songs of youth we sung.

And hand in hand we walk to-day
As when, beneath the skies of May,

In shade of maple trees we walked,
And of our loving future talked.

And now, in looking back, our eyes
See all these things, with glad surprise;

And thus there comes, in sweet array,
This loving Memory of May.

◆

THE LAST DAY.

BY EMILY GODFREY.

The long, wearisome term is over. No more studying where a dull headache and a feverish heat oppress the student—no more dismal drumming upon the old piano that stands in the "reception room"—no more compositions, no more reprimands, no more restraints—for school is over, and all are going home.

They stand, for the last time, in the old familiar parlor—that happy group of girls and boys, who have been so happy here together. They look out of the window, and see the yellow-covered stage standing at the door of the post-office across the road. Then they smile faintly at each other, and say something about the pleasant day for a journey they are having. But it will not do. They begin to realize that they are separating—perhaps forever—and they cannot be gay in the face of the parting.

The preceptor comes in, and bids them "good-bye," one after another. They have often murmured against him, and thought him harsh and severe, but all that is forgotten now, and they stand around him in a sad silence, to catch his parting words of advice. And when his voice grows hoarse and trembling as he says "God bless you," and hurries from the room, a sudden love for him springs up in every heart, and never dies away again.

Some one sits down to the piano and strikes a few full rich chords. They gather around her. She looks up at a handsome young man, with soft blue eyes and sunny hair. He is not looking at her, but at a book upon the piano. A shadow, like pain, flits over her face, and she begins to sing that sweet old song that has thrilled so many hearts—

"When shall we meet again—
Meet ne'er to sever?"

All join with her—there are suppressed sobs among some of the girls, and many eyes are dim. But the youth with the blue eyes and sunny hair is quiet and unmoved.

The yellow stage comes dashing up to the door, followed by some dozen carriages, of all sizes and descriptions, just as the song is finished. Then comes the hurry and bustle of departure. They have little time for farewells. A hasty kiss—a promise to "write soon," and all is over. In a few days they will look back upon that time, and wonder they could have said so little, when they felt so much. But they are but boys and girls of sixteen now. Time will teach the men and women to say much and mean little, in the days that are to come.

One by one, and two by two, the weeping groups break up. How strange and still the house seems now that they have all gone. And yet not all. Two still remain to say good-bye—the youth with sunny hair, and the girl who played and sang. How earnestly her eyes are bent upon him now—and how fitfully the color comes and goes upon her cheek, as he comes close beside her.

They go sadly around among the rooms to take a last look at the old familiar places. Neither of them are coming back—they can have only a memory of the old school in future. They pass silently through the long hall, and down the front stairs, and so back into the "reception room" once more. They see the names of their departed companions pencilled on wall and window-sill—they try to smile, but almost weep instead.

Once again the stage comes to the door, and they must go. He takes her hand in his—there are a few broken words—a promise to write—a promise to remember—a hurried, timid kiss, and they have parted.

Each goes a different way. He, to the home of his father, and afterwards to the land of gold—she, to a distant city, to dwell among strangers, and win wealth and fame for herself, since she may not receive love. He, to lose all memory of her in a restless change of scene and occupation—she, to think of him, wherever her steps may roam—to feel the tears springing to her eyes at the sight of a moon like that on which they used to gaze—to be conscious, always, though success and happiness and fame attend her, of a dream unrealized, and an affection unreturned.

The Last Day! And to her, the last day of perfect confidence and faith—the last day of a pleasure as fatal as it was dear' Alas—I am afraid the world is full of partings such as these!

◆

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.—There are not many situations more incessantly uneasy than that in which the man is placed who is watching an opportunity to speak, without courage to take it when it is offered, and who, though he resolves to give a specimen of his abilities, always finds some reason or other for delaying it to the next minute.

◆

CONVERSATION.—Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceitedness, novel without falsehood.

THE ART OF LEAVING OFF.

BY ALICE CARY.

It was Charlotte Bronte I believe, who, when she was urged to write more books, said she thanked God for the ability to keep silent when she had nothing to say. I wish her beautiful art were more appreciable, for we may have too much, even of a good thing, but as brevity is the only excellence of common places, it seems a pity that that quality should so often be wanting. There is always a right point beyond which to proceed is dangerous and ridiculous—timidity sometimes comes short of it, but confidence oftener "overleaps it, and falls on t'other side."

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play."

Speaking of this good world in which we live, I one day heard a clergyman say, with the simple directness of real eloquence—"And our Father made it all." Unfortunately, however, that concise statement failed to satisfy him, and he "bodied forth" the following: "Yes, my friends, the great omniscient and eternal Jehovah created this mundane planetary sphere, *and that, too, without any materials!*"

I was yesterday a good deal amused in witnessing the parting of one of those happy pairs who are likely to forget that there is anybody except themselves in the world. "God bless you, my dear, God bless you," exclaimed the lover, with a fervency of unction almost pathetic, and at the next moment, becoming aware of my proximity, he added, "and you, too;" but the vapidness of the addenda rendered it perfectly ludicrous.

Many a clever man has lost his sweetheart by saying too much—and so making courtship an importunity—a drop more added to the sweet enough makes it nauseating.

Familiar handling rubs off the bloom from the delicate fruit, and when we have said so much that nothing more can be said, why we have come to the end of our tether.

Many an author hides his meaning with a cumbrous load of words, as if poverty of thought could be concealed by any such artifice. To say what we mean, and there an end, is true wisdom, but even when forced to the conclusion that we have nothing more to say we cannot cease speaking without first saying we have nothing more to say. The accomplishment of happily and effectively leaving off should be placed among the *fine arts*, I think, and studied as such, so that our writing and speaking might be less upon the school-girl model of "I believe I have nothing more to say at present—I believe I have told you all I can think of at present—I believe I must now draw my letter to a close, as I can think of nothing more to tell you of, at present." The book called "Last Words of Baxter" had a remarkable sale, but when some poor imitator wrote another book and called it "More Last Words of Baxter," there was no demand for it.

◆

HAD THEIR DAY.

The eye of the tourist in Europe will hereafter miss, with regret, the fine old castles which for centuries—up to the revolution of 1848—overlooked the German valleys on the path of the Crusades. We felt a regret on first reading the tale of their erasure, for many of them were classic in legend and song, and surrounded with old traditions wilder than the ivy that once climbed their turrets and now covers their ruins. Many of them were built longer ago than the Crusades, and through the lapse of ages have echoed the sound of wassail and high revel, making the landscape rich with a half-barbaric beauty. They were a sort of remembrancers, standing in their grey weeds between civilization and barbarism—the present and the past—and their baronial archives boasted many a hero, name and deed.

But a second thought leads us to rejoice that both castles and archives have gone. Those castles had frowned long enough upon the green valleys, defending their proud and wicked lords from the outraged and helpless serf. Their wild legends had too long filled the superstitious mind of the peasant with terror, and restrained his aspiration to be disenthralled. They kept alive the old reverence exacted by savage feudal chiefs, whose merciless swords made the poor hind worshipful and devout. They are destroyed, and with the disappearance of their hoary turrets their influence will die. They will no longer people the hills and hollows with "headless horsemen" and sheeted ghosts, frightening the simple maiden at the fountain, and the shepherd in his folds. Green fields will take the place of court-yards, and cottages of battlements and keeps; and the German peasant listening to the song of his beloved Rhine, will soon forget that there were ever ferocious barons to lord it over their serfs, boasting a superiority and nobility of blood.

◆

A SAFE AND SIMPLE RULE OF ACTION.

Of the divine author of our religion it is impossible to peruse the evangelical histories, without observing how little he favored the vanity of inquisitiveness; how much more rarely he condescended to satisfy curiosity, than to relieve distress; and how much he desired that his followers should rather excel in goodness than in knowledge. His precepts tend immediately to the rectification of the moral principles, and the direction of daily conduct, without ostentation, without art, at once irrefragable and plain, such as well-meaning simplicity may readily conceive, and of which we cannot mistake the meaning, but when we are afraid to find it.

The measure of justice prescribed to us, in our transactions with others, is remarkably clear and comprehensive: *Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.* A law by which every claim of right may be immediately adjusted, as far as the private conscience requires to be informed; a law of which every man may find the exposition in his own breast, and which may always be observed without any other qualifications than honesty of intention and purity of will.

Over this law, indeed, some sons of sophistry have been subtle enough to throw mists, which have darkened their own eyes. To perplex this universal principle, they have inquired whether a man, conscious to himself of unreasonable wishes, be bound to gratify them in another. But surely there needed no long deliberation to conclude, that the desires, which are to be considered by us as the measure of right, must be such as we approve, and that we ought to pay no regard to those expectations in others which we condemn in ourselves, and which, however they may intrude upon our imagination, we know it our duty to resist and suppress.

◆

THE ODOR OF PIETY.—The rose is sweetest when it first opens, and the spikenard root when the herb dies. Beauty belongs to youth, and dies with it, but the odor of piety survives death and perfumes the tomb.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

When my last sunset is under a cloud,
Let not your sorrow be bitter nor loud,
But strew some pale violets over my shroud,
When I am dead.

For while the worn watchers are out of the room,
And children are searching the gardens for bloom,
You will come in and kiss me to lessen the gloom—
When I am dead!

Smooth the dark tresses from my white cheek,
Press down my eyelids so mournfully meek,
And tread very softly, but fear not to speak,
Because I am dead!

Kneel by me, Allan, and murmur a prayer,
Clasping my two hands so slender and fair,
And through the bleak silence thy voice I shall hear—
If I be dead!

Weep not for me, though so early away
From all the wild joyance of life's sunny May,
Think of me often, but, sweet, never say—
Alas! she is dead!

Though a pale face at twilight, oh! Allan, no more
Shall part the June splendors away from the door
To watch for your shadow across the wild moor,
When I am dead!

When the red summers in loveliness break,
Come to the grave that the strangers shall make,
And smile that so sweetly my slumber I take—
Peaceful and dead.

For the world never loved me, and yet it was best—
So think, sweet, how gladly I go to my rest,
With the wail of the orphan crushed down in my breast—
When I am dead.

The picture I gave you last harvest-time, keep,—
Look at it, Allan, but never to weep,
For her sake who so calmly has fallen asleep
In the house of the dead!

Now kiss me, my Allan, and leave me alone,
Nigher the waves of the sorrowful moan,
And I see the white splendors that fall from the throne,
Where none ever are dead!

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT;

OR,

HARRY RICHMOND AND HIS BRIDE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

> Love, passionate young Love, how sweet it is
> To have the bosom made a paradise
> By thee, life-lighted with thy rainbow smile!
>
> L. E. L.

Harry Richmond, a young man of twenty-five, and partner, newly-made, in an extensive jobbing firm in New York, found himself one winter evening in a spacious up-town church. The immense building was thronged by an audience of beauty and fashion, and of more than ordinary intelligence. Countenances that were languid amid the excitements of fashionable life, because the hungry soul found no food in the husks upon which it fed in such scenes, here lighted up with animation and shone with a new and lofty beauty. Young and old, alike, sat entranced by the eloquence of the reverend orator, as he presented to them a theme of surpassing interest, clothed in language the most appropriate, and uttered in a voice which perfectly harmonized with the emotions called forth by his words.

It was the first of a course of lectures by Dr. ——, and Harry, who had often listened with the highest pleasure to the preaching of this celebrated divine, was among the first to secure a seat on the occasion of his lectures. For Harry, though young, and handsome, and wealthy, and the favorite of a large circle of fashionable relatives, was devoted to intellectual pursuits, in which he spent nearly the whole of his leisure hours.

Wedded to books, and a votary of science, and conscientiously scrupulous in the fulfilment of his business duties, his time had been so fully occupied as never to leave him leisure for juvenile flirtations, or more mature love-affairs. At twenty-five his heart had never acknowledged another mistress than knowledge, and it was only for her sweet sake that he made one of Dr. ——'s brilliant audience on that winter night.

But he was not destined to return to his home that night so heart-free. The lecture was but half concluded when a slight bustle near one of the entrances attracted Harry's attention. He turned, suddenly and involuntarily, to see what occasioned it. But his eyes, which had hitherto been riveted on the speaker, were not so suddenly turned toward him again, and his attention, which had until that time been undivided, could not be restored. A sentiment, an emotion had entered his soul that was to change the whole current of his existence, a change commenced then and there, startlingly, suddenly, but which was to end only with life.

Near him, and within the direct range of his vision as he turned his eyes toward the door, sat a young lady. Many ladies, some younger and more beautiful, his glance might at that moment have rested upon, but he saw only one.

It was a serene, fair countenance upon which his glance rested. Deep violet eyes, half shaded by the longest brown lashes, a broad, unclouded brow, fair hair in long bright ringlets, falling adown the pure oval of her face, and partly confined by the brim of her pretty blue hat, with its shadowy lace, and delicate flowers, and floating plumes.

On the serene face, which one felt instinctively was always beautiful through every varying emotion, an unwonted enthusiasm now shone. There was a deeper lustre in the violet eyes, and a flush, slight and rosy though it was, on the fair cheek which did not always tinge its delicate outline. Her lips were slightly parted, and her glance never wavered from the speaker's face. She sat there in her maiden innocence all unconscious of the spell which her gentle beauty had wrought, and the soft, slow pulsations of her heart unquickened by the tumultuous bounding of another so near her. And while she listened with deepening enthusiasm to the brilliant sentences of the lecturer, another read from her face, as from a fair unruffled page, the records of a pure life, of innocent yet lofty thoughts, and of a serene faith and goodness.

Once, only, her gaze wavered, and influenced by that strange magnetic instinct, which all have felt, but few have sought to analyze or comprehend, that conveys to us the knowledge of the fact that eyes and thoughts are fixed upon us, she turned her glance for an instant in the direction of her unknown worshipper. Glance met glance, and over her fair face a deep rosy blush rose up, flushing the pure brow as the crimson tints of sunset flush the snowy clouds that float above the horizon. Then her gaze was again fixed upon the speaker, and, as she listened, Harry watched the color receding, and saw the serene expression which had for a moment been disturbed settle again upon the exquisite face.

So absorbed was he in his contemplation, that he did not hear the concluding remarks of the lecturer, and was only made aware that he had finished by the rising of the audience.

The young lady, whom he watched, was much nearer the door than himself, and fearful lest he should lose sight of her in the departing crowd, he elbowed his way almost fiercely, heedless of many ungentle remarks that saluted him, until he stood almost by her side—so near that the soft folds of her garments touched him as she walked, and the tip of her snowy plume fanned his cheek. He listened to her voice, clear, low, and sweet, as she conversed with her companions—an elderly gentleman and a girl of fifteen, evidently a younger sister; and when they reached the pavement he still stood beside them.

It was a night of extreme cold, and Harry saw the fair girl as she kindly wrapped her sister's cloak more closely about her, and heard her admonish "papa" of a slight cold with a tone and manner that told of a loving thoughtfulness for others.

They walked on for a short distance, and Harry followed, for in whatever direction their homeward course lay, he determined that his should be the same. They reached an avenue and stood waiting for an omnibus, and Harry waited too. He waited patiently in spite of the piercing wind that swept down the broad street, and whirled about the corner, for his eyes were fixed upon the fair face before him upturned, with a wrapt and reverent expression, toward the sky that overhung them like a dome of steel studded with myriads of stars gleaming in a cold silvery light.

He was aroused, at length, by the thundering roar of the omnibus, as it rolled toward them over the frozen street, and, almost mechanically, he followed the party into the huge machine.

The young girl glanced inquiringly at him, as he entered, and he thought that he saw, by the dim light of the lamp, another flickering blush pass over her face. But she turned away and conversed with her companions, and Harry fell into a reverie as he gazed upon her beautiful profile, half shaded by the bonnet's brim. On and on they went, until they came to a quarter, once fashionable and even aristocratic, but now almost deserted except by the middle or poorer classes of New York humanity; and Harry had almost arrived at the conclusion that the party were about to cross one of the numerous ferries that lead to the Long Island or New Jersey shores, when the gentleman suddenly pulled the strap, and the stage stopped.

The young girl had, perhaps, forgotten his presence, for she did not turn her head as he followed them from the stage, but walked away leaning upon her father's arm. He stole after them, timing his footfall with their own, though keeping at a short distance behind, until he saw them ascend the steps of one of the finest of the old mansions with which the street was lined. And no sooner was the door closed behind them, than he rushed forward and, ascending the stoop, endeavored, by the dim light of a far-off lamp, to decipher the name upon the plate, and the number above the entrance. The first he made out, after much trouble, but the latter was beyond his ken. But he had learned enough, and resolved to visit the spot by daylight, and, if possible, to catch another glimpse of those violet eyes and that exquisite face.

Noting well the surroundings, and casting a lingering glance up at the darkened front of the tall building, he at length departed. Distance, and cold, and fatigue were alike forgotten as he hurried homeward in a strange tumultuous waking dream, that lasted through the long night as he tossed sleeplessly upon his pillow.

The next morning his mother and sisters wondered at his strange absence of mind, and when they chided him merrily for putting his egg into his coffee instead of the egg-cup, and turning the contents of the vinegar cruet upon his breakfast cake, he only blushed and muttered, confusedly, something about "violet eyes" and a "Grecian profile." They were still more astonished when they saw him, a few moments after, go down the steps with bare head and the servant running after him with his hat. One of the sisters flew to the door to beg him to remain at home if he felt ill, and they all discussed the matter in family conclave amid gloomy forebodings of barred windows, and straight-jackets, and lunatic asylums.

Meanwhile Harry pursued his way down town, but not in the direction of his business. Instinctively his footsteps turned toward that dim and ancient street which he had visited the preceding evening, and soon he stood before the tall dark house into which had vanished that vision of youth and beauty. Again he read the name upon the door which he was sure was hers. Again he gazed up at the time-discolored front, now made cheery by the sunlight that poured through the open shutters, and, as he felt, lighted up pleasantly the large lofty rooms wherein his soul's darling dwelt.

There were flowers and cages of singing birds in one window, and he fancied that slender figure, and fair bright face bending over them, and he tried to picture her at her sweet household avocations, and sighed to see her once again. But that thick, dark door shut him out into the dirty, noisy street, and away from the gentle influences of that home; and yet there were stronger barriers between himself and that being who had thus suddenly become the light of his eyes, and the desire of his heart. There were barriers intangible but strong—the bolts and bars of worldly conventionalities.

Dissatisfied with himself and all around him, he was about turning disconsolately away, when the door suddenly opened, and she, looking, oh, so fresh and fair, in a tasteful though simple street-toilet, stood within. Her small foot was poised above the threshold, and she was about to shut the door after her, when Harry heard a voice within call "Constance, Constance," and she turned to meet the young sister who had accompanied her on the preceding evening. A few words were exchanged, and then she tripped down the steps, while the dark door clanged behind her, and soon turned in the direction of Broadway.

He had heard her name—a beautiful name he thought, and he repeated it as he followed her along the street, and watched her graceful undulating walk—Constance Snowdon.

He watched her until he saw her disappear in a crowded Broadway shop, and then, for the first time that day, the thought of business flashed across his mind, and he hurried on to his store, where partners and clerks were already in a state of astonishment at his unwonted absence.

A search under letter S., in the Directory, soon put him in possession of the business of James Snowdon, and then he saw clearly his way to an acquaintance with the fair daughter of the said James. You should have seen the energy of the sly fellow that day. He no longer dreamed, he went to work in the most wide-awake manner.

He soon bethought himself of a profitable investment in Mr. Snowdon's line of business, which he fortunately had it in his power to put in his way, and that in such a manner as to seem to be seeking, somewhat, his own advantage. Then he made a tour of the stores and offices of all his Broad-street acquaintances, bursting in and out like a whirlwind, until he found somebody who knew Mr. Snowdon; and then he hurried that unfortunate individual, forthwith, to the office of his papa-in-law elect, and compelled him, then and there, to perform such a ceremony of introduction, between himself and that venerable gentleman, as caused a vigorous hand-shaking, after the overpowering American fashion, for the space of about five minutes. And then, when the two had recovered from their paroxysm of delight, and had exchanged the results of their meteorological observations for that morning, they looked at each other with the eyes of merchants, and forthwith proceeded to business.

Within two days this interview resulted in two desirable consummations. Mr. Snowdon pocketed five thousand dollars, and Harry Richmond received a pressing invitation to pass an evening in the Snowdon mansion.

The story might as well end here, I suppose, for not one of its readers is so stupid as to doubt the denouement. Unless, indeed, it may be some of those trouble-borrowing and unfortunate individuals, who are firmly persuaded that "the course of true love never does run smooth." In this instance there was not even a ripple in the stream. Harry's fine person and distinguished manners at once made an impression on the gentle heart of Constance Snowdon. And when, after a suitable time, he asked her to become his wife, she said yes, modestly but firmly, and placed her hand in his without hesitation, because with perfect confidence.

Mr. and Mrs. Snowdon gave their consent gladly, for they, too, admired and loved Harry, and thought him worthy even of their cherished daughter. And, though Harry's mother and sisters at first made some disparaging remarks about "G—street belles" and "low connections," for G—street seemed very far from their aristocratic region, both socially and geographically, yet they no sooner saw Constance than they were almost as much charmed with her beauty and grace as Harry had been; and at once admitted her into their hearts as a cherished daughter and sister. With Mr. Snowdon, a polished gentleman of the old school, who chose to live in the fine, roomy and thoroughly comfortable mansion that had been the home of his parents before him, and with his still lovely wife they were equally pleased.

Harry's sisters, then, stood beside Constance as her bridesmaids, when, one morning in early spring, she and Harry were married by the Rev. Dr. ——, in the very church where they had first met but three months previous. And the most splendid parties of the season were those with which Harry's mother and the whole circle of his fashionable relatives welcomed the newly-married couple on their return from their bridal tour.

Harry and Constance, youthful, handsome, and loving, blessed with a similarity of tastes and feelings, with wealth and station, and all worldly gifts, and a desire to spread happiness all about them, and comfort to the poor and suffering, have commenced life under the happiest of auspices. And so, loving and beloved, we leave them to walk through the world together, through its storms and its sunshine, protected by their perfect trust in each other, and a serene faith in the great All-father.

PASSERS BY.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

The old and young—the rich and poor—
The sorrowful and the gay—
Affluence clad in a robe of pride,
And Poverty striving her tears to hide,—
Still passed my window side by side,
And long I gazed at the restless tide,
And marked its unequal way.

Happy children danced gayly along,
Shouting in joyful glee,
And beautiful maidens with brows so fair,
Shaded with bands of waving hair,
Passed by, and merrily laughed at care,
Bright eyes and rosy health were there,
And hearts from sorrow free.

Laborers wearily joined the crowd,
For the toil of the day was o'er,
And a pauper's child with a face so old—
So wrinkled with want, so pinched with cold,
Whose appealing eyes did a tale unfold—
Begged alms in vain—for the love of gold
Makes the rich forget the poor.

I gazed on the scene till the shades of night
Wrapped all things alike in gloom;
With the hurrying crowd *we* pass each day,
Sometimes upon *us* bright sunbeams stray,
Throwing cheerful light—sending shadows away;
Then should not we help the poor on their way?
For we all travel on towards the tomb

MARRIAGE.—LOVE.

Marriage without love is like life without health.

There is no need to exhort a woman to love her husband; she is sure to do it, she cannot help it; even if her heart be pre-occupied, the sacred tie of marriage disposes it to respond to a husband, unless want of affection and kindness on his part prevents it.

Her first sensation is a sort of wonder at the good fortune that has given her to the man of her choice; her second, a sort of fear that she is not worthy of him; and her third, a strong desire to become so, and thus to justify his penetration that enabled him to distinguish her among so many, that in her humility she deems so superior.

Oh! that woman's nature were more studied by those who are destined to become her masters and guardians! that they could but understand her deep, trusting tenderness; her quick perception of change and indifference, her unbounded capability of loving; the necessity to her happiness of being loved; and her immeasurable gratitude, when this essential love and tenderness are accorded her! All a woman asks is *love*; for that she will resign self, will, opinion, long-formed habits, everything; withhold that, and heap on her wealth, splendor, pleasure in every form, and you fail to satisfy her. Many a woman languishes amid abundance, and envies the very beggar in the streets, if the latter possess the blessing of connubial love.

A JOHNSONIAN REPLY.

Dr. Johnson being introduced to a reverend prelate who had long been desirous of knowing him, the latter took the opportunity of walking with the doctor through St. James's Park, for the purpose of improving his acquaintance. The doctor, however, did not happen to be in a very communicative humor, and the bishop was at a loss what kind of a remark to venture upon by way of opening a conversation; at length, after a pause, turning to his companion, he observed that the trees around them grew very large and strong. "Sir," said the cynic, "they have nothing else to do."

Delay not your Charities.—When Baxter had lost a thousand pounds, which he had laid up for the erection of a school, he used frequently to mention the misfortune as an incitement to be charitable while God gives the power of bestowing, and considered himself as culpable in some degree for having left a good action in the hands of chance, and suffered his benevolence to be defeated for want of quickness and diligence.

Too much at a Time.—Pour water hastily into a vessel with a narrow neck, little enters; pour gradually, and in small quantities, and the vessel is filled. This shows the folly of teaching children too much at a time.

MY DOG.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

Alone! I have written the word many times, but never did its meaning sink so deeply into my heart before! I am alone!

For nine long months, I have had a friend. A friend who always loved me, and who met me gladly—a friend who watched every change of my countenance with an earnest eye, and gave me his heartfelt sympathy, when I was merry or sad. The best and truest and dearest friend I have ever known! Alas—for human nature—that friend was only my dog!

"Only" my dog? Should I speak of him so? Was he not far more tender and more true than all who have professed to love me? "Only" my dog? My poor "Fred," is it thus that thy friendship is requited? Let me erase the offending word.

I have had a friend, and now he is gone! I shall never see him more—never hear that glad bark nor see that feathery tail give me a graceful welcome home again. I may enter my room whenever I like, but all is silent there—I may sit down in the easy chair, and look into the glowing coals, but the glossy head does not rub itself against my hand, in expectation of the usual caress—I may take up my pen and go about the day's work, but the soft, brown eyes that used to watch me so lovingly, and brighten like diamonds, when the pen was laid aside, are closed in death—and oh, I have not the heart to work, since I have lost him!

No need now to lock the desk, and put the manuscript carefully by. No need to pile the books up out of reach—let them lie where they are thrown—for "Fred" will never touch them again. I have hung his collar upon the wall, and the little whip with which I used to threaten him, beside it. The rug he laid on, is rolled up and put away—a torn and tattered book, and a brush, with the marks of strong teeth upon it, are there also—his last playthings. And perhaps, as dear to me as the worn shoe may be to the mother, who weeps because her little darling has gone.

Strange, that I, who have grown distrustful and suspicious of my kind, should be thrown back once more upon their sympathy and kindness! Strange, that the only heart that beat for me alone, should now be cold and silent! Strange, that I should still sit here in the old familiar places, full of life and health, while he whose fleet foot bounded by my side lies deep beneath the ground.

I cannot realize it! I remember him—not as in that last moment, when all suffering ceased, and the breath passed so quietly that not a muscle of the mouth was moved, and the soft and loving eyes still gazed earnestly on mine—even in death; but as full of life and spirits, as when he bounded over these hills beside me, almost a year ago, and vied with his companion "Jip" in chasing the yellow butterflies that glittered in the sun. And thinking thus, I sometimes half forget my grief, and, laying down my pen, expect to hear the familiar bark for admittance at the door. But all is silent!

How soon the sky has changed. But a moment ago all was bright and sunny, and now the dark clouds are rising fast, the winds begin to blow, and the first drops of rain strike upon my window. The rain will fall upon that little lonely grave in the grove behind the house. For the first time, I may not shelter him from the storm. And now, for the first time, I realize that I have lost him—forever!

A sense of utter desolation comes over me. All the losses of my earlier years, come to make this last more bitter. All the treachery that has wronged and embittered my life, comes up, to show me how true and faithful was this humble friend. My heart aches—my heart bleeds—and I can but weep!

And so the year's sweet companionship is over. The place is vacant, that can never be filled again. A common friend might easily be replaced—but one like this, is rarely found. I shall walk alone over the sunny hills this summer, and miss the joyous companion that made those strolls so pleasant one little year ago—I shall sit in my quiet room, and tire of its stillness—I shall turn from the familiar beauty on every side, and I shall weep bitter tears above thy grave, dear "Fred." No more! Oh it is hard to say those words. And harder still to know, that though in another world the Indian hopes to meet his noble steed, there are no "blue hunting grounds of the Great Spirit" towards which I can raise my eyes. It is a bitter word—but it must be said—"Farewell." Farewell to more of truth and affection than I have ever known before—farewell to more of love and kindness and perfect devotion, than I can dare hope to meet again!

"Close the lid—the little coffin cover—
So—a year's dream,—a year's hope—is over!"

THE SELF-DECEPTION OF THE WICKED.

It is generally not so much the desire of men, sunk into depravity, to deceive the world as themselves; for when no particular circumstances make them dependent on others, infamy disturbs them little, but as it revives their remorse, and is echoed to them from their own hearts. The sentence most dreadful is that of reason and conscience, which they would engage on their side at any price but the labors of duty and the sorrows of repentance. For this purpose every seducement and fallacy is sought, the hopes still rest upon some new experiment till life is at an end; and the last hours steal on unperceived, while the faculties are engaged in resisting reason, and repressing the sense of the Divine disapprobation.

THE EXPENSE OF SUSPICION.

Suspicion is a temper so uneasy and restless, that it is very justly appointed the concomitant of guilt. It is said, that no torture is equal to the inhibition of sleep long continued; a pain to which the state of that man bears a very exact analogy who dares never give rest to his vigilance and circumspection, but considers himself as surrounded by secret foes, and fears to intrust his children, or his friend, with the secret that throbs in his breast, and the anxieties that break into his face. To avoid, at this expense, those evils to which easiness and friendship might have exposed him, is surely to buy safety at too dear a rate, and, in the language of the Roman satirist, to save life by losing all for which a wise man would live.

JUDGE NOT ON SHORT ACQUAINTANCE.

Such is the state of all mortal virtue, that it is always uncertain and variable, sometimes extending to the whole compass of duty, and sometimes shrinking into a narrow space, and fortifying only a few avenues of the heart, while all the rest is left open to the incursions of appetite, or given up to the dominion of wickedness. Nothing therefore is more unjust than to judge of man by too short an acquaintance, and too slight inspection; for it often happens, that in the loose, and thoughtless, and dissipated, there is a secret radical worth, which may shoot out by proper cultivation; that the spark of heaven, though dimmed and obstructed, is yet not extinguished, but may by the breath of counsel and exhortation be kindled into flame.

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT.

Scacazzone, a celebrated Italian wit, returning one day from Rome, found himself, when within a short distance of Sienna, without cash enough to purchase a dinner. But resolved not to go without one if he could avoid it, he very quietly walked into the nearest inn, and appearing quite a stranger, he demanded a room in which to dine alone. He next ordered whatever he considered most likely to prove agreeable to himself, without the least sparing his purse, as the good host believed, and eat and drank everything of the best. When he had at length finished his wine, and refreshed himself with a short nap for his journey, he rang the bell, and with a very unconcerned air, asked the waiter for his bill. This being handed to him, "Waiter," he cried, "can you tell me anything relating to the laws of this place?"

"Oh, yes, signor, I dare say;" for a waiter is never at a loss.

"For instance," continued Scacazzone, "what does a man forfeit by killing another?"

"His life, signor, certainly," said the waiter.

"But if he only wounds another badly, not mortally, what then?"

"Then," returned the waiter, "as it may happen, according to the nature of the provocation and the injury."

"And lastly," continued the guest, "if you only deal the fellow a sound box upon the ear, what do you pay for that?"

"For that," echoed the waiter, "it is here about ten livres, signor; no more."

"Then send your master to me," cried Scacazzone. "Be quick, begone!"

Upon the good host's appearance, his wily guest conducted himself in such a manner, uttering such accusations against extortion, such threats, and such vile aspersions upon his host's house, that on Scacazzone purposely bringing their heads pretty close in contact, the landlord, unable longer to bear his taunts, lent him rather a severe cuff.

"I am truly obliged to you," cried the happy Scacazzone, taking him by the hand; "this is all I wanted with you—truly obliged to you, my good host, and will thank you for the change. Your bill here is eight livres, and the fine upon your assault is ten; however, if you will have the goodness to pay the difference to the waiter, as I find I shall reach the city very pleasantly before evening, it will be quite right."

A FALSE NOTION CORRECTED.

The world has been long amused with the mention of policy in public transactions, and of art in private affairs; they have been considered as the effects of great qualities, and as unattainable by men of the common level: yet we have not found many performances, either of art or policy, that required such stupendous efforts of intellect, or might not have been effected by falsehood and impudence, without the assistance of any other powers. To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hope of relief; to sooth pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes; can surely imply nothing more or greater than a mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

These practices are so mean and base, that he who finds in himself no tendency to use them, cannot easily believe that they are considered by others with less detestation; he therefore suffers himself to slumber in false security, and becomes a prey to those who applaud their own subtlety, because they know how to steal upon his sleep, and exult in the success which they could never have obtained, had they not attempted a man better than themselves, who was hindered from obviating their stratagems, not by folly, but by innocence.

GOOD HUMOR.

Good humor may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good humor is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

It is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humor, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

Gaiety is to good humor as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towering, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humor boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his own power, and pleases principally by not offending.

A GREAT AND OLD WRONG.

Historians are certainly chargeable with the depravation of mankind, when they relate without censure those stratagems of war by which the virtues of an enemy are engaged to his destruction. A ship comes before a port, weather-beaten and shattered, and the crew implore the liberty of repairing their breaches, supplying themselves with necessaries, or burying their dead. The humanity of the inhabitants inclines them to consent, the strangers enter the town with weapons concealed, fall suddenly upon their benefactors, destroy those that make resistance, and become masters of the place; they return home rich with plunder, and their success is recorded to encourage imitation.

But surely war has its laws, and ought to be conducted with some regard to the universal interest of man. Those may justly be pursued as enemies to the community of nature, who suffer hostility to vacate the unalterable laws of right, and pursue their private advantage by means which, if once established, must destroy kindness, cut off from every man all hopes of assistance from another, and fill the world with perpetual suspicion and implacable malevolence. Whatever is thus regained ought to be restored; and those who have conquered by such treachery may be justly denied the protection of their native country.

Unsullied Happiness we cannot expect in this world; but so long as we have feelings and passions, and affections lying not dormant, but craving within us, and, like hungry children, importuning us for food, which we never present them, it is vain for any philosophy to preach about happiness. Nature is stronger than philosophy, and passion is more arbitrary than reason. No man ever was governed by reason. It is a pilot; but the pilot is not the governor.

BALLAD.

BY ALICE CARY.

Get up my little handmaid,
And see what you will see ;
The stubble fields, and all the fields
Are white as they can be.

Put on your crimson cashmere,
And hood so soft and warm
With all its woollen linings,
And never heed the storm.

For you must find the miller
In the west of Wertburg-town,
And bring me meal to feed my cows,
Before the sun is down.

Then woke the little handmaid,
From sleeping on her arm,
And took her crimson cashmere,
And hood with woollen warm.

And bridle with its buckles
Of silver, from the wall,
And rode until the golden sun
Was sloping to his fall.

Then on the miller's doorstone
In the west of Wertburg-town
She dropt the bridle from her hands
And quietly slid down.

And when to her sweet face, her beast
Turned round, as if he said
"How cold I am," she took her hood
And put it on his head.

Soft spoke she to the miller,
"Nine cows are stalled at home,
And hither for three bags of meal
To feed them, I am come.'

Now when the miller saw the price
She brought, was not by half
Enough to buy three bags of meal,
He filled up two with chaff.

The night was wild and windy,
The moon was thin and old,
As home the little handmaid rode
All shivering with the cold :

Beside the river black with ice
And through the lonesome wood ;
The snow upon her hair, the while
A gathering like a hood.

And when beside the roof-tree
Her good beast neighed aloud,
Her pretty crimson cashmere
Was whiter than a shroud.

"Get down, you silly handmaid,"
The old dame cried, "get down,—
You've been a long time riding
From the west of Wertburg-town!"

And from her oaken settle'
Forth hobbled she amain,—
Alas! the slender little hands
Were frozen to the rein.

Then came the neighbors, one and all,
With melancholy brows,
Mourning because the dame had lost
The keeper of her cows.

And cursing the rich miller
In blind, misguided zeal,
Because he sent two bags of chaff
And only one of meal.

Dear Lord, how little man's award
The right or wrong attest,
And he who judges least, I think,
Is he who judges best.

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FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 23.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP.

THE CATAMOUNT.

As Fitzeben acted in the capacity of a sort of body servant to our whole party he had an apartment in the house on the same floor with ourselves. Ben Gilroy and Ned Hobson had a chamber upon the rear side, while Harris, Garl, and myself occupied the opposite room in front. Between these two rooms were two large closets, one of which had a small window looking out upon the end of the building. Into this latter place we put Fitzeben. All would have gone well enough but for an inordinate propensity which the darkey had for snoring. When he went to bed rather more fatigued than usual he would snore like the puff of a locomotive. He could he heard all over the house; and Mammy assured us that she often feared some of us were groaning in agony when the deep notes of Fitz's nasal organ reached her ears.

We frequently awoke him a dozen times in a night. We would put him over upon his side, and make him promise to remain so. But ere long he would tumble over on his back again, open his mouth, and go it with renewed force.

On the night succeeding our "ducking" adventure the old darkey commenced to snore worse than ever. The notes came forth like the roar of a mad beast with a bad cold. We awoke him twice, but it was of no use. At length I leaped from my bed, determined to put a stop to it somehow, or else to turn the snoring sleeper out of the house. I could not get to sleep at all. I had been trying in vain for three mortal hours. I was weary and fatigued from the labors and cares of the day, and sleep I must have at some rate.

The door of Fitz's closet opened from the narrow hall, or entry, between the two rooms; and in this entry I met Ben. We had both arisen for the same purpose. He could not sleep any more than I could.

"Look here, Colonel, how can we stop that thundering noise?" asked old Ben.

I told him I was determined to find some way to stop it, if I had to hire one of the boys to come in and hold his nose.

Ben heard me through, and as my last remark fell upon his ear he clapped his hands, and told me to slip on my pants, and go with him. I did so; and having procured a light my companion led the way down stairs.

A few days before a Yankee pedlar had been along, and among other things he had some patent clothes-pins. They worked upon a pivot, and were shut upon the line by a spiral spring, opening and shutting like a clamp. By pressing the two upper ends together the lower ones were spread apart, in which position it could be fixed upon the clothes-line, or anything else of a proper size, and upon letting go entirely it would close tightly upon its object. Ben overhauled these pins, our host having bought three dozen of them, and when he had selected the one which had the stiffest spring he started back upstairs.

We entered Fitz's room——, there was no need of caution, for he slept like a log—and while I held the light Ben prepared to clap a stopper on the old fellow's trumpet. Oh, he was snoring gloriously! The notes came rolling out like the roar of a hoarse bull. But hark :

Ben pressed the patent clothes-pin open to its utmost capacity, and adroitly slipped it over the darkey's great broad nose. He was careful to put it on far enough so that it should close over both nostrils; and as soon as he had done this he gradually eased away his hold upon it, fearing that if he let it clasp too suddenly it would awaken the old chap. Finally the pin was on—the stout spring struggled to regain its usual position, and old Fitz's nose was pinched up till the end of it looked like a great black plum. Of course no more breath could escape that way. His nostrils were shut up as tightly as though they had grown up naturally. He gasped a few times; struggled to free his nose; turned one way, and then the other; groaned heavily; but finally settling upon his back once more, he threw open his cavernous mouth—and slept on.

Fitzeben snored no more that night!

In the morning Ben and I were first awake. We aroused the others, and then went to take a look at old Fitz. Our movements had started him from his sleep. He was just lifting himself to a sitting position in his bed as we entered. The pin was still upon his nose, and he was breathing heavily.

"How d'ye feel, old fellow?" asked Ben, restraining his mirth by a strong effort.

"O, Bass'r Bed, I feel dweffil! By dose id all stop'd up, ad I dad't hard'y breeve. I bust a got a code yesterd'y id der water!"

As the darkey ceased speaking he carried his hand to his nose, and it rested upon the clothes-pin. With a cry of pain he pulled it off and looked at it. We could hold in no more. Ben burst first, and we all followed him. Old Fitz leaped from his narrow bed and caught up one of his boots; but we were out of his way in a moment.

By the time the old fellow got dressed he had had time for reflection. He remembered that we had threatened to send him out to sleep in the huts, with the other darkeys, if he didn't stop snoring, and his own wit had told him why that pin had been put upon his nose. He came out laughing, but with the solemn promise that old Ben should "get paid for dat dar trick!"

But, strange as it may appear, that "trick" cured Fitz of snoring. Ever after that, just so sure as he got upon his back while asleep, and began to snore, he would start over upon his side and stop. The fear of some terrible trick seemed to haunt him sufficiently to cause his first few notes of snoring to operate as an alarm upon him.

We had quite a laugh over our breakfast, and though Mammy said that 'twas too bad to plague the poor fellow so, yet she could not help feeling thankful that the house had remained in quiet through the night. After breakfast we went out to the bayou with our drag and got our guns as stated in our last sketch; and when we returned we found dinner ready for us. We sat down to the meal; and were just moving back from the table when one of the negro women, a house-hand, named Sophy, came rushing in with terror depicted upon every feature.

"Oh! Mas'r Smit'! Mas'r Garl! Mas'r Ben! Oh! oh!"

The poor woman spoke thus far, and then sank down.

"Don't say a word," whispered our host. "She'll tell us quicker if you leave her to herself."

"Oh! Mas'r Smit'! my little Rose be gwine off in de woods wid ole Towser, an' I spec's she be killed suah! I heered her a hollerin jes like as if she was a dyin'! Oh! Mas'r, can't ye sabe her!"

Uncle Abner started up from his chair, and I could see very quickly that he cared as much for this poor woman's child as he would have cared for one of his own.

"Which way is she?" he asked.

"I spec's down ober beyant de hickory grobe. She's gwine off while I was work'n' for missus. She's gwine wi' de dog Towser."

Without further question we started. Garl and Harris took their rifles, while the rest of us simply picked up such clubs as we could find by the way. We had gone only a few rods when we heard the shriek of the child, followed by a howl of the dog. That howl started us, for it was a painful one.

"I tell ye thar's a fuss!" said Garl, emphatically. "That yer dog's got afoul o' sumth'n' that's a leetle too much for him."

Another cry from the child came breaking faintly upon the still air, and the howl of the dog followed as before, only this time it was weaker, and more painful.

This dog was a Newfoundland cross with the common double-nosed pointer—a fine house-dog, and a good hunter, but not so strong as many other breeds of the same size. Yet we knew that if he was being overcome, it must be by a powerful animal.

The child we all knew very well. She was only ten years of age, but one of those bright, exceedingly witty and vivacious things that are so often found among the negroes who live in constant intercourse with educated whites. She was the only child old Sophy had, and I verily believe 'twould have broken her heart to have seen the little one killed. Amid all her labors and toils she was truly happy while her child was near; and if ever mother felt pride in her offspring, Sophy felt pride in that wee bit of blackness.

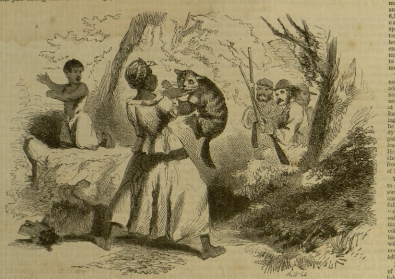
Several times our host had tried to persuade Sophy to remain at the house; but 'twas of no use. She was so frantic in her fear that reason could not reach her understanding. She ran along by our side, wringing her hands, and groaning with agony. Every time the cry of the child broke upon our ears she would call upon God to have mercy on her little one!

At length we reached the edge of the hickory grove, and it was evident that the child and dog were somewhere within. This grove was upon a gentle swell of land, and covered not far from fourteen acres, running off in a point to the westward and there joining a belt of elms that extended to the swamp. We stopped for one moment to listen, and heard the cry of little Rose again. The voice of the dog came, too; but it was a low whine of pain, and we knew that he was nearly gone!

Sophy leaped on, and we followed her. We were sure of the direction now, and as there was no underbrush we hurried on without impediment. When we had reached very near to the center of the grove we saw Sophy fling up her arms, and heard a wild cry of despair break from her lips.

"She's dead! she's dead! Oh! my good, bress'd Lord o' marcy—she's dead an' gone! Oh! Mas'r Smit'!"

Thus speaking the woman rushed forward like a flash. We reached the spot were she had stood, and the whole scene was opened to us. Upon the ground lay the dog, all mangled and bloody, his eyes both out, and his face entirely torn in pieces. He was motionless and dead! Not ten feet from him, upon a low, flat rock, was the child, in a kneeling posture, with a huge wild-cat just fastening its claws into its dress! In a moment more the sharp teeth would have been inserted and buried in the flesh of the throat, and the life of the little one let out forever!



The mother had arrived just in season to see the cat make the spring upon her child! She had given vent to her first whelming, agony, and then leaped forward. She thought not of her own life, for had we not been there she would have done the same. She reached the spot just in season to grasp the catamount by the long hair and flabby skin of the neck and pull it off. Half the child's scanty dress came away upon the animal's claws, and I could see in an instant that blood was trickling down the little one's bosom!

Garl had his rifle at his shoulder but he could not fire yet, for as Sophy tore the savage animal away from her child it turned upon her and leaped at once for her throat. With a presence of mind which few women could have commanded she managed to grasp the cat's neck as it struck her bosom, and thus holding it by both hands she kept the fatal teeth from her throat.

But this could not last many moments. The animal was a regular catamount; its fur of a reddish, tawny color, with black stripes and spots. The stripes were upon the back and sides, while on the belly and paws the black was in spots.

"That yer's the ugliest varmint that runs in our forests," muttered Garl, still holding the rifle to his shoulder. "By the doom o' the world, but that yer nigger's in a fix!"

Ned Hobson and myself had just started to rush forward with our clubs, when Garl called out to us to "hold hard!" The woman was still holding the catamount's head off, but the sharp claws were at work. The maddened animal gave a yell of rage, and then hissed with such a horrible spitefulness that my hair fairly started up.

But all this had passed in a moment. From the time the cat leaped upon the woman to the call of Garl for us to stop, was not over five seconds; but even that had been sufficient for the infuriate varmint to tear away all the clothing from Sophy's bosom.

"Thar!—Hold hard!—keep jes' so one second!" shouted Garl. "Push that yer ugly head off as far as ye can! Thar! Don't ye move?—Hard, now!"

Simultaneous with the old trapper's last word came the sharp report of his rifle. He had gained a position upon the woman's side, so that from where he stood the range of the catamount's head was four or five inches from her face. It was a thrilling moment to all of us, but we were quickly relieved, for as the report of the trapper's rifle rang out upon the air, the cat gave a sharp cry and leaped backwards upon the ground. Then it sprang up and bounded once more towards the woman, but without reaching her, for as Sophy glided quickly upon one side the animal went beyond her and fell upon the greensward, where a few spasmodic kicks closed its career. Garl's bullet had passed directly through the brain!

While our host and Ben hastened to the child, the rest of us sought the mother. But neither of them were seriously injured. The little girl's breast was slightly torn, as the catamount must have reached the flesh with its claws upon the first bound, but they were not struck in very deeply, there having been three thicknesses of cloth. The tearing was done by pulling the cat off.

The mother's bosom was torn worse, the animal having sought a hold there for its claws while trying to get at her throat. However there was nothing dangerous. Sophy's breast bled freely, but the wounds were none of them deep. We staunched the blood as well as we could, and then started for home, taking the carcasses of the dog and catamount with us.

Mammy was sorely frightened when she saw the crimson stains upon the bosoms of both Sophy and the child, but when she was assured that there was no danger she flew about right smartly, and soon had the wounds all dressed.

We found the catamount to be two feet and eight inches in length, from the end of the nose to the end of the back, the tail carrying it out some thirteen inches further. It was one of the largest of its class, and nearly as powerful as the panther, and far more dangerous, as its disposition is worse. I believe the catamount—or tiger-cat, as they are sometimes called, from the resemblance of the stripes and spots to those of the tiger—is the ugliest and most blood-thirsty animal in America.

Rose told us that the first she saw of the cat was when it leaped down out of a tree upon the dog. Why she didn't run she could not tell, only she said she "'spected she was too afeard to run." Old Towser had given it a hard battle, but yet without doing it any injury, as we could find only one slight mark, and that upon the cat's shoulder, where he had gained any hold with his teeth.

Before night Sophy was at her work, and Rose at her play; but Uncle Abner was sad and unhappy for a while. The old dog came not to his side as he sat down upon the veranda; and when he walked out to the cotton-field his old companion was missing. It was the second noble dog he had lost in that place.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. M.—The steamship Great Eastern, which is being built at Millwall, England, is much larger than was Noah's Ark. The Ark was some four hundred and fifty feet long, seventy-five feet broad and forty-five feet high. The Great Eastern is seven hundred feet long, sixty feet deep, and some two hundred feet broad at its widest part. She is indeed a monster ship. The hulf is composed of thirty thousand iron plates, each fastened with a hundred rivets—making 3,000,000, rivets in all—and weighs about 12,000 tons. The deck will give a promenade of a quarter of a mile around; there are accommodattons for 4000 passengers, and in an emergency she can carry 10,000 troops. The circumference of the paddle wheels will be over one hundred and sixty feet each. She will contain ten boilers and one hundred furnaces, will carry 11,000 tons of coal, be lighted with gas made on board, and will spread 6,500 yards of canvas. Her speed will be eighteen miles an hour, which will enable her to make the voyage to Australia in a month.

Viator should not be hasty in adopting an ignorant prejudice, nor ready to scoff at strange things Instead of laughing and sneering he had better study and investigate. The scoffer learns nothing. He voluntarily shuts himself out from the temple of knowledge.

Theressa wants to get rid of her sweetheart. "He annoys me dreadfully," she says, "oh! if I could *only* get rid of him!" Treat him coldly, and if he has any spirit he will "go" ast enough. If he don't, *tell* him to go.

Insurer.—Any of the long-established Life Insurance Companies are sound and reliable.

An Injured Friend writes us that several months ago a very intelligent lady of his acquaintance chancing to remark to him that she was fond of corresponding with congenial minds, he proposed in a bantering way that they should amuse themselves with a little "sentimental correspondence," to which she acceded in a like mirthful spirit. Shortly afterward the correspondence commenced, and several letters passed filled with ardent metaphors and some downright expressions of love "made only in fun." After a while the gentleman was alarmed at the evident sincerity of tone exhibited in the lady's letters and at once ceased the correspondence. Recently he has received notice that unless he carries out at the altar the promises made in his letters, he will be sued for breach of promise of marriage, and it is suggested that his correspondence is so decided and unmistakeable that the case can be easily made out. In this dilemma the "Injured Friend" wants advice. He says the girl is handsome and well off, but that he does not and cannot love her; consequently he does not wish to marry her, nor does he wish to run the risk and submit to the annoyances of such a suit as he is threatened with. It seems that you must submit to the one or the other of these trials, and it is for you to say which would be the lesser affliction. If you are innocent, bid the intriguante defiance and take the risk of the suit for breach of promise. If you are not innocent, we can not advise you. We hope other masculine readers of the Ledger will take warning hereby and be careful how they engage in "sentimental correspondence" with sentimental young ladies.

A Yale College Student wishes to know which is most conducive to greatness of mind and happiness, *solitude* or *society?* This is one of the questions which it is impossible to answer with precision. There are good and evil in both solitude and society and in the excesses of both—the one being favorable to reflection and the other providing the proper materials for thought; but if these *materials* are not procured at healthy and legitimate sources of knowledge the imagination runs wild in the creation of a knowledge of its own which the reason refuses to sanction. Too much society leads to dissipation of mind and morals; and too much solitude to mental infirmity, eccentricity and madness. The evil tendencies of society are corrected by solitude; and those of solitude by society. Life and manners may be learned in society; but religion and morals are most purely taught by solitude. A poet who was an unusually competent judge of the respective influences of both, thus sung—

"If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die.
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone man with his God must strive."

A Young Married Couple complain bitterly of their hardships in house-keeping; the high price of rents, fuel and provisions; the annoyances occasioned by incompetent and negligent servants, besides many other mysteries and miseries of metropolitan house-keeping, and want to know what can be done to alleviate their condition? One of the first things for you to do is to "possess your minds in contentment." As for *getting rid* of the troubles you mention, *that* is an utter impossibility. No amount of wealth will rid you of trouble and annoyance—it will *only change their form and character!* As for the nuisances common to house-keeping among the middle classes in cities, the only way to conquer them is that discovered by Wellington for overcoming the hitherto resistless charges of the French Legions, namely—*to stand and take them without flinching!* Read the life of the Rev. Sidney Smith, and learn how he and his family met and vanquished such troubles, and you will be able to bear yours with equanimity if not with satisfaction.

Niagara.—You had better let the title to the property remain in your mother's name. You can buy property and transact business in your own name, if you choose, while you are a minor; but you will be exposed to some disadvantages unless you are able to pay cash for everything, inasmuch as people do not like to trust or enter into executory contracts with a minor, because he can at will set up a plea of minority, and thus avoid a debt or contract.

J. H. S.—It would not be rude nor improper for a man to write a sincere letter to a lady declaring his love for her; nor would it be obligatory upon the lady to reply to such a letter, although a woman of real good sense and good heart would do so, for the purpose both of relieving the gentleman from a state of painful suspense and herself from the possibility of being misinterpreted. A declaration of sincere affection is always complimentary to its object, and should at least be recognized by a courteous reply.

Miss J., Brooklyn.—We should not dare to say what judgment your Heavenly Father would pass upon such an act as you seem to be comtemplating. It is only given to men to know certain facts and to judge from certain revealed truths; but what particular circumstances surround any human being, or what influences give the cast to a disposition and superinduce any given act, only the eye of Omniscience can determine, and of such matters therefore only Omniscience can justly judge.

Our Folks.—If a lady has company on an evening on which she had previously engaged to accompany a gentleman to a place of amusement, she should at once inform them of her engagement, and when the gentleman arrives they should retire unless he signifies his readiness to remain with them or to forego his engagement. If the keeping of the engagement would tend to embarrass the lady, any *gentleman* would at once relieve her from it.

C. W., Chicago.—It would not be impertinent for you respectfully to offer a hymn-book to a strange lady occupying the same pew with you If in your own pew, it would be your *duty* either to find the hymn and give your book to a stranger, or hand the book unopened, whether man or woman. If in a stranger's pew, it would be your prerogative to *receive* courtesies, and not to extend them to others.

Bella A.—It is a matter of much difficulty to get a piece of music published, as the expense is comparatively large and the profits altogether uncertain. If you will bear the expense of the publication yourself, you can get almost any music publisher to issue your composition; but if you will not do that it would be difficult to get any of them to *look at it.*

Jenny.—We can not imagine a case in which suicide would be blameless. You say, suppose a man were in the folds of an anaconda, and had an opportunity to place a loaded pistol to his (the man's) head and blow his brains out, and thereby escape the horrors of being slowly crushed to death by the serpent, would not the act be justifiable? No; he should try to blow the anaconda's brains out instead of his own.

Samuel.—If you have much interest to reckon and are not a ready arithmetician, you should get an "interest table" which will give you the interest of almost any sum for any time varying from one day to a year, at both six and seven per cent. You can get such a work at almost any bookstore n the city.

An Anxious Subscriber.—We are astonished that in this country there should be anybody, much less a whole neighborhood as you affirm, affrighted at the approach of a comet for fear it will destroy the world. It is not surprising that the ignorant masses of Europe should believe such things, but we thought better of the inhabitants of the United States. The celebrated German astronomer, Von Littrow, has put a quietus upon all cometic fears by the statements—"that the matter of which comets consist forms an extremely loose texture, that comets are in reality not coherent masses, but mere agglomerations of small corpuscules, separated from one another by large interstices. Highly improbable as it is, because it could only take place by a concurrence of circumstances hardly conceivable, that a collision of the earth and the nucleus of a comet should ensue, such an event, far from entailing destruction on this world, could only be compared at the most with the fall of a meteor, and in its effects would barely equal those produced by our thunder storms and hurricanes. A mere passing of the earth through the luminous appendages of one of those bodies, which it is true might more easily happen, would be unattended by any injurious consequences, since the matter of which comets consist is not coherent substance, nor is it even an atmosphere such as we could not inhale."

A Confirmed Invalid.—We do not wonder that a man who has been confined to his room by illness for thirteen years should have tried all sorts of remedies and lost all faith in physicians. Yet, you should not so harshly condemn "the faculty." They do their best, and none of us can do any more. What you say about the most valuable discoveries in medical science having been made by quacks and ignorant people is partly true and partly false—and the same may be said with regard to your remarks concerning the persecutions to which pioneers and discoverers in medical science have been subjected. Lady Mary Wortly Montague was vehemently denounced for introducing the practice of inoculation for the small pox, and Jenner was persecuted for introducing vaccination; yet neither was an original discovery. Lady Mary borrowed her inoculation from the Turks, and Janner his vaccination from the peasants of Gloucestershire, and for practicing it the Royal College of Physicians refused him a license. Science is too apt to disregard the instincts of humanity, which are so strong that facts and truths of mighty import and priceless value are constantly forced up by them; and so we have been enlightened in spite of learned faculties and royal academies, and other institutions for preserving the fossil remains of science exploded by experience.

Constance is very high-minded, and does not like to be under pecuniary obligations to gentlemen. She has a horror of standing by the door of a public hall or saloon while her escort is paying for tickets and making change, and also of waiting at a counter for a beau to "settle the bill" whenever she indulges with friends in the luxury of ice-cream or other refreshments. She would much rather pay her own way, if she knew how to do it with delicacy. When a lady has money and the heart to spend it, she may easily find a frank and very pardonable way of saving her friends expense; only let her do so good-humoredly, and not haughtily or disdainfully as though she contemned the usages of society. Constance is quite right in objecting to money payments in public places when they can be avoided. Tickets, when procurable, should be substituted for money, and bills for refreshments should be paid as unobtrusively as possible. Gentlemen of delicate feeling always remember such little niceties, and keep constantly in mind that a *lady's enjoyment* is what a beau should always seek to secure.

Rufus.—Opinions and tastes differ as to the side on which a gentleman should walk with a lady. Some say—always give the lady the *inside* of the walk. Others maintain that a lady should always take a gentleman's right arm, inasmuch as the rule which requires persons to "turn to the right" brings the parties on the left side in contact in case there are any bumps to be taken. Others still, argue that a lady should always take a gentleman's *left* arm, so that his right may be free to protect and serve her. Our opinion is that all these theories are correct and that every man should have judgment enough to apply them according to circumstances.

A Young Husband.—Of course it is improper for you to romp with and kiss young girls in opposition to the wishes of your wife. Your pretence that you only do it in a spirit of fun and friendship is mere "bosh" and you know it. Suppose your wife should romp with and kiss young men in a spirit of "fun and friendship," how would you like that? She has just as much right to do so as you have to keep up the practice which is so offensive to her. It is right for a young wife to be jealous of her husband's caresses, and any man with proper feelings of delicacy and principles of morality will never do anything to wound her in this respect.

Fanny.—We do not interfere between parents and children in affairs of the heart. Parents are often unreasonable in their opposition; but in general they consult the welfare of their children, to the best of their knowledge. If Fanny has represented her case fairly, her father is very severe, and not very wise in his resistance; but we can only hope that, by mild and affectionate behavior, she will be able to effect a reconciliation. This she may accomplish, if not in too great haste to change her name and her home. She is but a girl, and her father may be unwilling to part with her so soon. It is like plucking a favorite flower out of his garden.

A Wife.—You should of course understand in a literal and positive sense the promise to "love, honor and obey" your husband, that you made at the marriage altar. If you did not intend to love honor and obey him, you should not have made the promise. If since your marriage he has deteriorated, and become a drunken or dishonest or licentious man, then you are released from your promise—at least to a great extent if not altogether. It is impossible for a human heart to love what to it is odious, or for a human intellect to honor what is dishonorable; nor should we obey when obedience involves sin and disgrace.

A Girl of Sixteen wants to play the romp and coquette, we suspect. She is engaged to one, and would like to listen to love speeches from another. She asks with much simplicity, "What harm can there be in *just listening?*" There is much harm in it, and we cannot encourage such a thing. Young ladies should be *true*—true as magnetised needles to the pole. But, alas! a magnetised needle points North and South—two ways at once—and so does our "girl of sixteen." Some ladies are like galvanized magnets, that turn East and West and even box the compass.

Belle.—You cannot compel your old lover to restore your daguerreotype if (as you say) you *gave* it to him. You bestowed it on him and of course it became his property. No matter how much quarreling, and alienation of affection, and all those sort of things which happen on such occasions, may have since taken place, the ownership of the daguerreotype is still vested in him, and unless he chooses to give it up, you can not regain possession of it. You say you will not "*stoop* to ask him for the miniature;" suppose you ask for it without "stooping."

Jonathan.—The President of the Union can only pardon persons who have been convicted under a law of Congress. Should the parties who murdered Doctor Burdell be convicted and sentenced to be hung, the President could not pardon them any more than you could. The Queen of England can pardon a criminal because in that nation the throne is the "fountain of mercy" as well as the seat of authority for the whole realm. In this country, every State is supreme within its own jurisdiction.

Joroloman.—We had heard and read a great deal, before your communication, about "The good old times of innocence and simplicity," when not only the women but the men also were angels; but we have never been able to believe in such theories and history. We should like to have some one point out to us the precise period of this "state of innocence and simplicity." The first woman went astray. The very first man born into the world killed the second. When did the "good old times of innocence and simplicity" *begin?*

A Spiritualist.—We do not sympathise with your sentiments, nor have we the slightest faith in your theories. It is true that in the Greek language "Napo-leon" means "the lion of the thicket"—or thicket lion, or forest lion; but that does not by any means convince us that Napoleon was referred to in the text "The *lion* has come up from the *thicket;* the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way." All such attempts to *literalize* the prophecies are futile, all the revelations of all your "mediums" to the contrary notwithstanding.

Wild Knight.—Of course it was your duty to take care of the child which strayed into your house, and to attempt to find its parents. Your wife was certainly right in regard to the matter: women are always right on a "baby question." The brave old Count Everhard (whose soubriquet you have chosen for a signature) would never have argued in favor of turning a little boy four years old from his castle gate, that had lost his way and strayed thither. Every woman who reads the Ledger will pronounce you "a great ugly brute."

E. G. F.—You cannot recover from your friend the money entrusted with him to pay a debt and which he lost. The law does not hold a man responsible for funds thus placed in his hands, unless he *by his own act* disposes of them. All *accidents* to the money are at the owner's risk. The same principle applies to the case of your neighbor's carriage burned with the carriage-maker's shop where it had been left to be repaired. The loss falls upon the owner of the carriage.

T. T. T.—No amount of oral or written instruction will enable you to act at your ease in the society of ladies. Your only remedy is to frequent their society until your embarrassment wears off.

Inquirer.—The world is in want of *goodness* more than *smartness.* People are knowing enough, but they are far from being good enough. Cultivate your heart and conscience as well as your head.

Emma.—That will not do. You should not countenance your relations when they treat your husband disrespectfully, unless you are prepared to break up your family altogether.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*